

MARLOWE  
*EDWARD II*



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*English Literature for Schools*

MARLOWE

*EDWARD THE SECOND*

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MARLOWE

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EDWARD THE SECOND

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*Edited by*  
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*Author of Exercises*  
*in English*

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¶ The text has been prepared by the editor from the Quarto of 1594 with occasional modernisation of the punctuation. For scene divisions and locations, Dyce's Edition (1850) has been followed.



The troublefome  
raigne and lamentable death of  
*Edward the second, King of*  
England: with the tragicall  
*fall of proud Mortimer :*

As it was fundrie times publicuely acted  
*in the honourable citie of London, by the*  
right honourable the Earle of Pem-  
*brooke his seruants.*

*Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.*



Imprinted at London for *William Iones,*  
dwelling neere Holbourne conduit, at the  
*signe of the Gunne.* 1594.



## INTRODUCTION

**C**HRISTOPHER, the son of John Marlowe a shoemaker, was born on 6 February 1564 at Canterbury. He entered the King's School, Canterbury, on 14 January 1579, and in 1581 went to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He took his B.A. degree in 1584, and his M.A. in 1587. During part of his Cambridge years, he seems to have been absent on political affairs.

After leaving the University, Marlowe came to London, and immediately plunged into the life of the theatre. He was probably associated with a group of "University Wits" who turned to the public stage as a means of livelihood, at a time when there was need for Plays to meet a rapidly growing demand. The group included John Lyly, George Peele, Thomas Kyd, Thomas Lodge, Robert Greene and Thomas Nash. Marlowe soon came to the front with a turgid drama called *Tamburlaine*. This was followed during the next five years by *Dr Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *The Massacre of Paris*, *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, and *Edward II*.

The last was registered by the Stationers' Company on 6 July 1593.

Entred for his copie under thandes of Master Richard Iudson and the Wardens./A booke. Intituled The troublesome Reign and Lamentable Death of Edward the Second, King of England, with the tragicall fall of proud Mortymer. The Play was probably printed in that year, but no copy is known to exist, the earliest Quarto known bearing the date 1594.

In addition to his Plays, Marlowe also wrote a translation of *Ovid's Amores*, and of the First Book of Lucan, and a poem, *Hero and Leander*. A line in the last poem is quoted by Shakespeare in *As You Like It*, III, v, 81-82:

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

This line occurs in *Hero and Leander*, sest. I, 175-176:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight:  
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

We should know little of Marlowe's London life, were it not for the fact that his heterodox opinions roused opposition. He seems to have been a member of that coterie headed by Sir Walter Raleigh, known as "The School of Atheism." The Privy Council began to take an interest in their proceedings, and in 1593 a warrant was issued for Marlowe's arrest, but his violent death stayed further action. On 30 May 1593 Marlowe, in company with three men of shady characters, Ingram Frizer, Robert Poley and Nicholas Skeres, spent the day in the house of Eleanor Bull in Deptford. In the course of a quarrel, Frizer mortally wounded Marlowe. At the Inquest it was stated that the quarrel was about "le recknynge" and that Frizer struck in self-defence; there is, however, strong reason for believing that political intrigue was the motive.

A possible reference to Marlowe's death has recently been pointed out in *As You Like It*, III, iii, 9 ff.

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. (See New Cambridge Edition of the Play, p. 105.)

The fact that Marlowe is the only contemporary dramatist to whom Shakespeare refers, that the two men were of the same age, and that both lived in London and worked for the theatres for six years, makes it possible that they influenced each other. Whether they were friends or not, is unknown, though poets and dramatists have allowed their fancies to play round the idea. Marlowe's turbulent nature, at war with orthodoxy, may more likely have proved incompatible with the level temperament of Shakespeare. Nor is it clear to what degree, if any, the two men collaborated. The customary view is the one expressed by Swinburne, "After his [i.e.

Marlowe's] arrival the way was prepared, the paths made straight for Shakespeare." It has also long been held that Shakespeare's first dramatic work was the refurbishing of Plays on which his contemporaries had already worked. The whole problem is complicated by our lack of knowledge of the exact dates when Plays were written, and particularly by ignorance of the connection and authorship of *The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, and the three parts of *Henry VI*, and *Richard III*.

This question of collaboration has recently been examined in detail by Mr Peter Alexander in his *Henry VI and Richard III*. (It must suffice here to say that he suggests that whatever Shakespeare owed to Marlowe, Marlowe also owed much to Shakespeare.) At the other extreme is Mr J. M. Robertson who sees the hand of Marlowe in the least suspected places, and of the early Plays leaves little for Shakespeare himself to have written. These contentious matters are referred to here as a warning to the student of *Edward II* not lightly to leap to conclusions when he sees parallels between that Play and, for instance, *Richard II*.

(It is of more importance that we should realise something of Marlowe's achievement, and then consider how far *Edward II* indicates a development in the dramatist's work.)

(156) The credit of transforming the popular drama belongs chiefly to Marlowe... Marlowe appealed to the people. He brought blank verse on to the public stage and sent it echoing through the town. He proved that classical fable needs no dictionary to make it popular. Above all, he imagined great and serious actions, and created the heroic character<sup>1</sup>.

Blank verse was first used in a Play in *Gorboduc* (1562) by Norton and Sackville; its quality may be judged from the following lines:

Ye know, the gods, who have the sovereign care  
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,

<sup>1</sup> Raleigh, *Shakespeare*.

Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,  
 Who now, in my decaying years, are grown  
 Well towards riper state of mind and strength,  
 To take in hand some greater princely charge.  
 As yet they live and spend their hopeful days  
 With me, and with their mother, here in court.  
 Their age now asketh other place and trade,  
 And mine also doth ask another change,  
 Theirs to more travail, mine to greater ease.

Even from these few lines it is clear that such blank verse lacks movement; it is rigid in its framework. It can be easily imagined that two hours' listening to a drama so written would be an intolerable infliction.

With these lines may be compared a passage from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

Our souls whose faculties can comprehend  
 The wondrous architecture of the world,  
 And measure every wandering planet's course,  
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
 And always moving as the restless spheres,  
 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,  
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,  
 That perfect bliss and sole felicity,  
 The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

At times Marlowe's verse is apt to exceed the limits of probability and to deteriorate into bombast such as we associate with the name of Aunchient Pistol; but the Elizabethans undoubtedly liked a good, rolling speech and appreciated the arts of declamation. (In *Edward II* a greater control of verse than in the previous after *Tamburlaine* it reads almost tamely, but the reasonableness is considerable.)

In his choice of subject Marlowe was also an innovator. ("Men's passions, clothed with all the woes they wrought" were his early themes.) Each of his early Plays is dominated by a display of one all-powerful passion in the person of the chief character, *Tamburlaine*, *Barabas* or *Faustus*. Other characters are imperfectly defined; they are foils to the hero. In this respect, also, *Edward II* marks a development. While the King himself is the

dominant character, the others have individuality, though not as clearly portrayed as in even the earliest work of Shakespeare. It is possible that Marlowe was impressed by the success of the York and Lancaster Chronicle Plays and endeavoured in his *Edward II* to rival them; if he had a hand in their production, he profited by that apprenticeship, and wrote his last Play with greater attention to form and dramatic development of plot than his earlier work shows.

It is inevitable that in reading *Edward II*, Shakespeare's *Richard II* should come to mind. There is much similarity in theme; each concerns a weak King who is deposed and murdered, but who gains in dignity as the catastrophe draws near. A careful study of the two Plays throws much light on structure and characterisation. Such problems as the following should be considered: What use did the two dramatists make of their sources? Shakespeare relies almost entirely on Holinshed, while Marlowe also uses the Chronicles of Stowe and Fabyan. How far did each deviate for dramatic purposes from historical accuracy? In this connection, the "Historical Framework" given at the beginning of the Notes to this Edition, should be compared with the events of the Play. To what extent does the chief character dominate the Play? Are the subsidiary characters sufficiently delineated? Which of the two Plays gives the more vivid picture of a past age?

These and other questions should be thought out carefully. Two Scenes in particular call for consideration in this manner: the Deposition and the Murder Scenes. In writing of the Deposition Scene in *Edward II*, Charles Lamb made the comment, "The reluctant pangs of abdicating Royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his *Richard II*." Of the Murder Scene, he said that it "moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient and modern, with which I am acquainted." These opinions cannot be lightly dismissed, and their truth needs to be tested on the stage and not in the armchair. It is probable that, for instance, the

brutality of Edward's murder would be unbearable as a spectacle. Dyce's Edition gives as the stage direction, "King Edward is murdered by holding him down on the bed with the table, and stamping on it." In contrast with this, the death of Richard in an armed conflict is dignified.

*Richard II* has always been a popular Play. *Edward II* is no longer acted except for academic reasons. This fact should be kept in mind in any parallel study of the two, especially if the problem of how much Shakespeare owed to Marlowe is under consideration. It must further be remembered that there is no definite knowledge of the dates when these Plays were written. Both may have been written early in 1593, and there is a possibility that the success of *Edward II* suggested the subject of *Richard II* to Shakespeare; but these are matters of conjecture.

Shakespeare's own personality remains a mystery, but Marlowe reveals himself in his method of approach and treatment; his Plays are expressions of his own character to a degree that is unknown in the work of his great contemporary. Sufficient has been said of Marlowe's life to show that he was a rebel by nature. The latest enquiry into the facts of his death emphasises this characteristic.

There is perhaps no figure among the great Elizabethans whom it is so difficult to approach without a sympathetic bias. He comes trailing the clouds of glory of the pioneer, of the herald of the full dramatic day. His is the magnetic appeal of genius cut down in its prime, with rich achievement, and with an even richer promise unfulfilled. But it is not only as playwright and poet that he wins the suffrages of to-day. He challenged with uncompromising boldness the religious and political orthodoxies of his time, and thus is secure of the sympathies of every generation, and not least our own, that seeks to reconstruct the bases of its intellectual and social life....

The fact remains that the evidence from the various sources is consistent, and that it presents a figure of passionate impulse and restless intellect, quick at word and blow, equally ready with the dagger-point and the no less piercing edge of a ruthless dialectic. The combination in

Christopher Marlowe of such characteristics with the dramatic and lyrical genius that created *Tamburlaine* and *Dr Faustus*, *Edward II* and *Hero and Leander*, is one of the marvels of the English Renaissance. In Florence or in Venice he would have breathed congenial air. It was Fortune's crowning irony that this most Italianate of Elizabethan Englishmen should have been born and fostered under the shadow of the central sanctuary of the *Ecclesia Anglicana*. (Boas, *Marlowe and His Circle*.)

E. E. R.

February  
1930



## LIST OF CHARACTERS

*in the order of their appearance*

PIERS OF GAVESTON, *Earl of Cornwall.*

Three poor men.

✓ KING EDWARD THE SECOND.

THE EARL OF LANCASTER.

LORD MORTIMER, *the Elder.*

LORD MORTIMER, *the Younger, his nephew.*

✓ EDMUND, EARL OF KENT, *brother of the King.*

GUY, EARL OF WARWICK.

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

✓ QUEEN ISABELLA, *wife of the King.*

BEAUMONT, *a follower of the King.*

HUGH SPENSER, *the Younger, Earl of Wiltshire and Gloucester.*

BALDOCK, *a clerk, attendant on the King's Niece.*

NIECE *to the King, daughter of the Duke of Gloucester.*

A Messenger from Scotland.

A Guard.

JAMES, *servant to PEMBROKE.*

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.

RME

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~~HUGH SPENSER, *the Elder, father of the Younger*~~  
SPENSER.

~~LEVUNE, *a Frenchman.*~~

A Herald.

~~PRINCE EDWARD, *son of the King, afterwards*~~ EDWARD  
THE THIRD.

~~SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.~~

A Messenger from France.

~~RICE AP HOWEL.~~

An Abbot.

Monks.

A Mower.

~~THE EARL OF LEICESTER.~~

~~THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.~~

~~TRUSSEL.~~

~~BERKELEY.~~

A Messenger.

MATREVIS } *creatures of young MORTIMER.* ✓  
GURNEY }

LIGHTBORN.

The King's Champion.

Soldiers.

Lords.

Nobles, attendants, ladies, soldiers, PEMBROKE'S men,  
WARWICK'S men, drums and fife, the MAYOR OF  
BRISTOL.

Handwritten calculations:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1378 \\ 198 \\ \hline 1180 \end{array}$$

30 ) 1180

$$\begin{array}{r} 39 \\ 280 \\ \hline 220 \end{array}$$

The troublefome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the Second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer

Act I

Scene I. *A Street in London*

*Enter GAVESTON, reading a letter that was brought him from the KING.*

*Gav.* "My father is deceas'd. Come, *Gaveston*,  
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."  
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight:  
What greater bliss can hap to *Gaveston*  
Than live and be the favourite of a king?  
Sweet prince I come, these, these thy amorous lines,  
Might have enforc'd me to have swum from France,  
And like *Leander* gasp'd upon the sand,  
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thy arms.  
The sight of London to my exiled eyes  
Is as *Elysium* to a new-come soul:  
Not that I love the city or the men,  
But that it harbours him I hold so dear,  
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,  
And with the world be still at enmity.  
What need the arctic people love star-light,  
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?  
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers,  
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.  
As for the multitude that are but sparks,  
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,  
*Tanti*: I'll fawn first on the wind,  
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away:  
But how now, what are these?

*Enter three Poor Men.*

*Poor Men.* Such as desire your worship's service.

*Gav.* What canst thou do?

*First P. Man.* I can ride.

*Gav.* But I have no horses. What art thou?

*Sec. P. Man.* A traveller.

30 *Gav.* Let me see, thou wouldst do well  
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time,  
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.  
And what art thou?

*Third P. Man.* A soldier, that hath serv'd against the  
Scot.

*Gav.* Why, there are hospitals for such as you:  
I have no war; and therefore sir be gone.

*Third P. Man.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,  
That wouldst reward them with an hospital.

*Gav.* Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much,  
40 As if a goose should play the porpentine,

And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast:

But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;

I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [Aside

You know that I came lately out of France,

And yet I have not view'd my lord the king:

If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

*All.* We thank your worship.

*Gav.* I have some business: leave me to myself.

*All.* We will wait here about the court.

[Exeunt Poor Men.]

50 *Gav.* Do. These are not men for me;  
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
Musicians, that with touching of a string  
May draw the pliant king which way I please:  
Music and poetry is his delight,  
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,  
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;  
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,  
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;  
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,

Shall with their goat-feet dance an antic hay.  
 Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,  
 With hair that gilds the water as it glides,  
 Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,  
 And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,  
 Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,  
 One like Actaeon, peeping through the grove, ✓  
 Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,  
 And running in the likeness of an hart,  
 By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die:  
 Such things as these best please his majesty.  
 Here comes my lord the king, and the nobles,  
 From the parliament. I'll stand aside. [Retires.

60

70

*The King, Lancaster, Mortimer, Edmund, Guy, Pembroke and Attendants.*  
 Enter the KING, LANCASTER, the Elder MORTIMER, the  
 Younger MORTIMER, EDMUND, Earl of Kent, GUY,  
 Earl of Warwick, PEMBROKE and Attendants.

K. Edw. Lancaster!

Lan. My lord?

Gav. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor. X [Aside.

K. Edw. Will you not grant me this? In spite of them  
 I'll have my will, and these two Mortimers,  
 That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased. [Aside.

E. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

Gav. That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death. [Aside. 80

Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,  
 Were sworn to your father at his death,  
 That he should ne'er return into the realm: Gaveston

And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,  
 This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,  
 Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,  
 And underneath thy banners march who will,  
 For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Gav. Mort dieu! *oh duh* [Aside.

K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words, 90  
 Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?  
 Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?  
 The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,

And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.  
I will have Gaveston, and you shall know  
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

*Gav.* Well done, Ned. [*Aside.*

*Lan.* My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,  
That naturally would love and honour you?

100 But for that base and obscure Gaveston,  
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster,  
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,  
These will I sell to give my soldiers pay,  
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm:  
Therefore if he be come, expel him straight.

*Kent.* Barons and earls, your pride hath made me  
mute,

But now I'll speak, and to the proof I hope:  
I do remember in my father's days,  
Lord Percy of the North being highly mov'd,  
110 Brav'd Mowbray in presence of the king,  
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,  
He should have lost his head, but with his look  
The undaunted spirit of Percy was appeas'd,  
And Mowbray and he were reconcil'd:  
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face.  
Brother revenge it, and let these their heads,  
Preach upon poles for trespass of their tongues.

*War.* O, our heads?

*K. Edw.* Ay, yours, and therefore I would wish you  
grant.

120 *War.* Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

*Y. Mor.* I cannot, nor I will not, I must speak.  
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,  
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.  
Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,  
And henceforth parley with our naked swords. *Consult*

*E. Mor.* Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

*War.* All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

*Lan.* And northward Gaveston hath many friends.

Adieu, my lord, and either change your mind,  
130 Or look to see the throne where you should sit,

To float in blood, and at thy wanton head,  
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt all except* KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON,  
and Attendants.

*K. Edw.* I cannot brook these haughty menaces:  
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?

Brother, display my ensigns in the field,  
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,  
And either die, or live with Gaveston.

*Gav.* I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*

*K. Edw.* What Gaveston, welcome: kiss not my hand,  
Embrace me Gaveston as I do thee:

140

Why shouldst thou kneel? know'st thou not who I am?  
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston.

Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules,  
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

*Gav.* And, since I went from hence, no soul in hell  
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

*K. Edw.* I know it. Brother, welcome home my friend.  
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,  
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster:

I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight,  
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,  
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence:

150

I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,  
Chief Secretary to the state and me,

Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

*Isle of Man*

*Gav.* My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

*Kent.* Brother, the least of these may well suffice  
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

*K. Edw.* Cease, brother, for I cannot brook these words.  
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts:

160

Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.

If for these dignities thou be envied,  
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,  
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.

Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard:  
Want'st thou gold? go to my treasury:

Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,  
 Save or condemn, and in our name command  
 What so thy mind affects or fancy likes.

170 *Gav.* It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,  
 Which whiles I have, I think myself as great  
 As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,  
 With captive kings at his triumphant car.

*Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY.*

*K. Edw.* Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

*Bish. of Cov.* To celebrate your father's exequies.  
 But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

*K. Edw.* Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,  
 That wert the only cause of his exile.

*Gav.* 'Tis true; and, but for reverence of these robes,  
 180 Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

*Bish. of Cov.* I did no more than I was bound to do,  
 And Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,  
 As then I did incense the parliament,  
 So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

*Gav.* Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

*K. Edw.* Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,  
 And in the channel christen him anew.

*Kent.* Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,  
 For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

190 *Gav.* Let him complain unto the see of hell,  
 I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

*K. Edw.* No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:  
 Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,  
 And make him serve thee as thy chaplain.  
 I give him thee; here, use him as thou wilt.

*Gav.* He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

*K. Edw.* Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou  
 wilt.

*Bish. of Cov.* For this offence be thou accurs'd of God.

*K. Edw.* Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.

200 *Bish. of Cov.* True, true.

*K. Edw.* But in the meantime, Gaveston, away,  
 And take possession of his house and goods.

Come follow me, and thou shalt have my guard  
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

*Gav.* What should a priest do with so fair a house?  
A prison may beseem his holiness. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. *Westminster*

*Enter both the MORTIMERS, WARWICK and LANCASTER.*

*War.* 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,  
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

*Lan.* What? will they tyrannise upon the church?  
Ah, wicked king, accursed Gaveston,  
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,  
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.

*Y. Mor.* Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him  
sure.

Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

*E. Mor.* How now, why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

*Y. Mor.* Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent? 10

*Lan.* That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

*E. Mor.* An earl!

*War.* Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,  
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

*E. Mor.* We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

*Y. Mor.* Why post we not from hence to levy men?

*Lan.* 'My Lord of Cornwall' now at every word;  
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes  
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.

Thus arm in arm, the king and he doth march:

Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits:

And all the court begins to flatter him. 20

*War.* Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,  
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

*E. Mor.* Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

*Lan.* All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

*Y. Mor.* Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.  
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,  
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,

30 And at the court gate hang the peasant up,  
 Who swoln with venom of ambitious pride,  
 Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,  
 and an Attendant.*

*War.* Here comes my Lord of Canterbury's grace.

*Lan.* His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

*Archb. of Cant.* First were his sacred garments rent and  
 torn,

Then laid they violent hands upon him; next,  
 Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseiz'd:

This certify the Pope: away, take horse.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

*Lan.* My lord, will you take arms against the king?

40 *Archb. of Cant.* What need I? God himself is up in arms  
 When violence is offer'd to the church.

*Y. Mor.* Then will you join with us, that be his peers,  
 To banish or behead that Gaveston?

*Archb. of Cant.* What else, my lords? for it concerns me  
 near;

The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

*Enter the QUEEN.*

*Y. Mor.* Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

*Q. Isab.* Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,  
 To live in grief and baleful discontent;  
 For now my lord the king regards me not,  
 50 But dotes upon the love of Gaveston:

He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,  
 Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;  
 And, when I come, he frowns, as who should say,  
 "Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

*E. Mor.* Is it not strange that he is thus bewitch'd?

*Y. Mor.* Madam, return unto the court again:  
 That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,  
 Or lose our lives: and yet, ere that day come,  
 The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,  
 60 And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

*Archb. of Cant.* But yet lift not your swords against the king.

*Lan.* No, but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.

*War.* And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

*Q. Isab.* Then let him stay; for, rather than my lord  
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,  
I will endure a melancholy life,  
And let him frolic with his minion. *a darling, a minion*

*Archb. of Cant.* My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:

We and the rest, that are his counsellors,  
Will meet, and with a general consent

Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

*Lan.* What we confirm the king will frustrate.

*Y. Mor.* Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

*War.* But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

*Archb. of Cant.* At the New Temple.

*Y. Mor.* Content.

*Archb. of Cant.* And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you  
all

To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

*Lan.* Come, then, let's away.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, farewell.

*Q. Isab.* Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and, for my sake,  
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

*Y. Mor.* Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III. *A Street*

*Enter GAVESTON and KENT.*

*Gav.* Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,  
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,  
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,  
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,  
Are gone towards Lambeth: there let them remain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV. *The New Temple*

*Enter* LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the Elder* MORTIMER, *the Younger* MORTIMER, *the* ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and* Attendants.

*Lan.* Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:

May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

*Archb. of Cant.* Give me the paper.

*Lan.* Quick, quick, my lord, I long to write my name.

*War.* But I long more to see him banish'd hence.

*Y. Mor.* The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,  
Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

*separated*  
*Enter* KING EDWARD, GAVESTON, *and* KENT.

*K. Edw.* What? are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?  
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

10 *Lan.* Your grace doth well to place him by your side,  
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.

*E. Mor.* What man of noble birth can brook this sight?

*Quam male conveniunt:*

See, what a scornful look the peasant casts.

*Pem.* Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?

*War.* Ignoble vassal, that, like Phaeton,  
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.

*Y. Mor.* Their downfall is at hand, their forces down,  
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

20 *K. Edw.* Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer.

*E. Mor.* Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston.

*Kent.* Is this the duty that you owe your king?

*War.* We know our duties, let him know his peers.

*K. Edw.* Whither will you bear him? stay, or ye shall die.

*E. Mor.* We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.

*Gav.* No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home.  
Were I a king—

*Y. Mor.* Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,  
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

30 *K. Edw.* Were he a peasant, being my minion,  
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

*Lan.* My lord, you may not thus disparage us,  
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.

*E. Mor.* And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

[Attendants *remove* GAVESTON and KENT.]

*K. Edw.* Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king:  
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne,  
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.  
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

*Lan.* Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

*Y. Mor.* What we have done, our heart-blood shall  
maintain.

*War.* Think you that we can brook this upstart pride? 40

*K. Edw.* Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

*Archb. of Cant.* Why are you mov'd? be patient, my  
lord,

And see what we your counsellors have done.

*Y. Mor.* My lords, now let us all be resolute,  
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

*K. Edw.* Meet you for this, proud over-daring peers?

Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,

This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,

And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

*Archb. of Cant.* You know that I am legate to the Pope: 50

On your allegiance to the see of Rome,

Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

*Y. Mor.* Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we  
Depose him, and elect another king.

*K. Edw.* Ay, there it goes, but yet I will not yield:  
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

*Lan.* Then linger not my lord, but do it straight.

*Archb. of Cant.* Remember how the bishop was abus'd:  
Either banish him that was the cause thereof, 60

Or I will presently discharge these lords  
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

*K. Edw.* It boots me not to threat, I must speak fair,  
The legate of the Pope will be obey'd. [Aside.]

My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;

Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet;

Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;

And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;  
 And thou of Wales: if this content you not,  
 70 Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,  
 And share it equally amongst you all,  
 So I may have some nook or corner left,  
 To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

*Archb. of Cant.* Nothing shall alter us; we are resolv'd.

*Lan.* Come, come, subscribe.

*Y. Mor.* Why should you love him whom the world  
 hates so?

*K. Edw.* Because he loves me more than all the world;  
 Ah, none but rude and savage minded men  
 Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston.

80 *You* that be noble born should pity him.

*War.* You that are princely born should shake him off:  
 For shame, subscribe, and let the lown depart.

*E. Mor.* Urge him, my lord.

*Archb. of Cant.* Are you content to banish him the  
 realm?

*K. Edw.* I see I must, and therefore am content:  
 Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears. [*Subscribes.*]

*Y. Mor.* The king is love-sick for his minion.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis done, and now, accursed hand, fall off.

*Lan.* Give it me, I'll have it published in the streets.

90 *Y. Mor.* I'll see him presently despatched away.

*Archb. of Cant.* Now is my heart at ease.

*War.* And so is mine.

*Pem.* This will be good news to the common sort.

*E. Mor.* Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt all except KING EDWARD.*]

*K. Edw.* How fast they run to banish him I love,  
 They would not stir, were it to do me good:  
 Why should a king be subject to a priest?  
 Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,  
 With these thy superstitious taper-lights,  
 100 Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,  
 I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce  
 The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground,  
 With slaughter'd priests make Tiber's channel swell,

And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres:  
 As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,  
 If I be king, not one of them shall live.

*Enter GAVESTON.*

*Gav.* My lord, I hear it whisper'd everywhere,  
 That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston: Oh, were it false.

The legate of the Pope will have it so,  
 And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.  
 But I will reign to be reveng'd of them,  
 And therefore sweet friend, take it patiently,  
 Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough,  
 And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,  
 I'll come to thee, my love shall ne'er decline.

110

*Gav.* Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

*K. Edw.* Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing  
 words:

Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

*Gav.* To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston,  
 But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks  
 The blessedness of Gaveston remains,  
 For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

120

*K. Edw.* And only this torments my wretched soul,  
 That whether I will or no, thou must depart:  
 Be governor of Ireland in my stead,  
 And there abide till fortune call thee home.  
 Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine:

*[They exchange pictures.]*

O, might I keep thee here, as I do this,  
 Happy were I, but now most miserable.

130

*Gav.* 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

*K. Edw.* Thou shalt not hence, I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

*Gav.* I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me  
 more.

*K. Edw.* Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief  
 greater.

Therefore, with dumb embracement let us part.  
 Stay Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

*Gav.* For every look, my love drops down a tear,  
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

*K. Edw.* The time is little that thou hast to stay,  
140 And therefore, give me leave to look my fill.

But, come sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

*Gav.* The peers will frown.

*K. Edw.* I pass not for their anger. Come, let's go:  
O that we might as well return as go.

*Enter the QUEEN.*

*Q. Isab.* Whither goes my lord?

*K. Edw.* Fawn not on me, French strumpet, get thee  
gone.

*Q. Isab.* On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

*Gav.* On Mortimer, with whom, ungentle queen,—  
I say no more, judge you the rest, my lord.

150 *Q. Isab.* In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:  
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,  
And art a bawd to his affections,  
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

*Gav.* I mean not so, your grace must pardon me.

*K. Edw.* Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,  
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd:  
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,  
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

*Q. Isab.* Your highness knows, it lies not in my power.

160 *K. Edw.* Away then, touch me not: come, Gaveston.

*Q. Isab.* Villain, 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.

*Gav.* Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

*K. Edw.* Speak not unto her, let her droop and pine.

*Q. Isab.* Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these  
words?

Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,  
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee breaks,  
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

*K. Edw.* And witness heaven how dear thou art to me.  
There weep, for till my Gaveston be repeal'd,  
170 Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD and GAVESTON.]

And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres:  
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,  
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

*Enter GAVESTON.*

*Gav.* My lord, I hear it whisper'd everywhere,  
That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston: Oh, were it false.  
The legate of the Pope will have it so,  
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.  
But I will reign to be reveng'd of them,  
And therefore sweet friend, take it patiently,  
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough,  
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,  
I'll come to thee, my love shall ne'er decline.

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words:

Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

*Gav.* To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston,  
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks  
The blessedness of Gaveston remains,  
For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

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*K. Edw.* And only this torments my wretched soul,  
That whether I will or no, thou must depart:  
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,  
And there abide till fortune call thee home.  
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine:

*[They exchange pictures.]*

O, might I keep thee here, as I do this,  
Happy were I, but now most miserable.

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*Gav.* 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

*K. Edw.* Thou shalt not hence, I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

*Gav.* I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me  
more.

*K. Edw.* Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief  
greater.

Therefore, with dumb embracement let us part.  
Stay Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

*Lan.* For his repeal? Madam, he comes not back,  
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.

*War.* And to behold so sweet a sight as that,  
There's none here but would run his horse to death.

210 *Y. Mor.* But madam, would you have us call him home?

*Q. Isab.* Ay, Mortimer, for, till he be restor'd,  
The angry king hath banish'd me the court:

And therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,  
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

*Y. Mor.* What, would you have me plead for Gaveston?

*E. Mor.* Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.

*Lan.* And so am I my lord: dissuade the queen.

*Q. Isab.* O Lancaster, let him dissuade the king,  
For 'tis against my will he should return.

220 *War.* Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

*Q. Isab.* 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

*Pem.* No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.

*Y. Mor.* Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish,  
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,  
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,

That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

*Q. Isab.* Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while,  
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,  
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

230 *Y. Mor.* It is impossible, but speak your mind.

*Q. Isab.* Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.

[Talks to *Y. MOR.* apart.]

*Lan.* My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,  
Will you be resolute and hold with me?

*E. Mor.* Not I, against my nephew.

*Pem.* Fear not; the queen's words cannot alter him.

*War.* No? do but mark how earnestly she pleads.

*Lan.* And see how coldly his looks make denial.

*War.* She smiles, now, for my life, his mind is chang'd.

*Lan.* I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.

240 *Y. Mor.* Well, of necessity it must be so.

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,  
I hope your honours make no question,  
And therefore though I plead for his repeal,

*Repeal*

'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:  
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

*Lan.* Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself,  
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?  
And is this true, to call him home again?  
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

*Y. Mor.* My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect. 250

*Lan.* In no respect can contraries be true.

*Q. Isab.* Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.

*War.* All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolv'd.

*Y. Mor.* Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

*Pem.* I would he were.

*Y. Mor.* Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.

*E. Mor.* But nephew, do not play the sophister.

*Y. Mor.* This which I urge is of a burning zeal  
To mend the king, and do our country good:  
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold, 260  
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends  
As he will front the mightiest of us all?

And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,  
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

*War.* Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

*Y. Mor.* But were he here, detested as he is,  
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd  
To greet his lordship with a poniard,  
And none so much as blame the murderer,  
But rather praise him for that brave attempt, 270  
And in the Chronicle enrol his name,  
For purging of the realm of such a plague.

*Pem.* He saith true.

*Lan.* Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

*Y. Mor.* Because, my lords, it was not thought upon:  
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in us  
To banish him, and then to call him home,  
'Twill make him vail the top flag of his pride,  
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

*E. Mor.* But how if he do not, nephew?

*Y. Mor.* Then may we with some colour rise in arms, 280  
For howsoever we have borne it out,

'Tis treason to be up against the king.  
 So shall we have the people of our side,  
 Which, for his father's sake, lean to the king,  
 But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,  
 Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,  
 Should bear us down of the nobility,  
 And when the commons and the nobles join,  
 290 'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston.  
 We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.  
 My lords, if to perform this I be slack,  
 Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

*Lan.* On that condition Lancaster will grant.

*War.* And so will Pembroke and I.

*E. Mor.* And I.

*Y. Mor.* In this I count me highly gratified,  
 And Mortimer will rest at your command.

*Q. Isab.* And when this favour Isabel forgets,  
 300 Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn,  
 But see in happy time, my lord the king,  
 Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,  
 Is new return'd: this news will glad him much,  
 Yet not so much as me. I love him more  
 Than he can Gaveston, would he lov'd me  
 But half so much, then were I treble blest.

*Enter KING EDWARD, mourning, with BEAUMONT  
 in attendance.*

*K. Edw.* He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.  
 Did never sorrow go so near my heart,  
 As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston,  
 310 And could my crown's revenue bring him back,  
 I would freely give it to his enemies,  
 And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

*Q. Isab.* Hark, how he harps upon his minion.

*K. Edw.* My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,  
 Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,  
 And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,  
 And makes me frantic for my Gaveston:  
 Ah, had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,

And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,  
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston.

*Lan.* *Diablo*, what passions call you these? *no soul* 320

*Q. Isab.* My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

*K. Edw.* That you have parled with your Mortimer?

*Q. Isab.* That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

*K. Edw.* Repeal'd, the news is too sweet to be true.

*Q. Isab.* But will you love me, if you find it so?

*K. Edw.* If it be so, what will not Edward do?

*Q. Isab.* For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

*K. Edw.* For thee fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,  
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck, 330  
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

*Q. Isab.* No other jewels hang about my neck  
Than these, my lord, nor let me have more wealth,  
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury:  
O, how a kiss revives poor Isabel.

*K. Edw.* Once more receive my hand, and let this be  
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

*Q. Isab.* And may it prove more happy than the first.  
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,  
That wait attendance for a gracious look, 340  
And on their knees salute your majesty.

*K. Edw.* Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king,  
And as gross vapours perish by the sun,  
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile:  
Live thou with me as my companion.

*Lan.* This salutation overjoys my heart.

*K. Edw.* Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:  
These silver hairs will more adorn my court  
Than gaudy silks or rich embroidery.  
Chide me sweet Warwick, if I go astray. 350

*War.* Slay me my lord, when I offend your grace.

*K. Edw.* In solemn triumphs and in public shows  
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

*Pem.* And with this sword, Pembroke will fight for  
you.

*K. Edw.* But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?  
Be thou commander of our royal fleet,

Or if that lofty office like thee not,  
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm. trol

*Y. Mor.* My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,  
360 As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

*K. Edw.* And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,  
Whose great achievements in our foreign war  
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward,  
Be you the general of the levied troops  
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

*E. Mor.* In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,  
For with my nature war doth best agree.

*Q. Isab.* Now is the king of England rich and strong,  
Having the love of his renowned peers.

370 *K. Edw.* Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.  
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,  
For Gaveston, to Ireland. Beaumont, fly  
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury.

*Beau.* It shall be done, my gracious lord. [Exit.]

*K. Edw.* Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.  
Now let us in, and feast it royally:  
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,  
We'll have a general tilt and tournament,  
And then his marriage shall be solemnis'd,  
380 For wot you not that I have made him sure  
Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloucester's heir?

*Lan.* Such news we hear, my lord.

*K. Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,  
Who in the triumph will be challenger,  
Spare for no cost, we will requite your love.

*War.* In this or aught your highness shall command us.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, gentle Warwick. Come, let's in and  
revel.

[Exeunt all except the Elder MORTIMER and the  
Younger MORTIMER.]

*E. Mor.* Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here.  
Leave now to oppose thyself against the king,  
390 Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,  
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,  
Let him without controlment have his will.

The mightiest kings have had their minions,  
Great Alexander lov'd Hephaestion,  
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,  
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd:  
And not kings only, for the wisest men,  
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius, /  
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.

Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,  
And promiseth as much as we can wish,  
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl,  
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

400

*Y. Mor.* Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me,  
But this I scorn, that one so basely born  
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,  
And riot it with the treasure of the realm.

While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,  
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,  
And, Midas-like, he jets it in the court,  
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,  
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,  
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.

410

I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk,  
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,  
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap  
A jewel of more value than the crown:

While others walk below, the king and he,  
From out a window, laugh at such as we,  
And flout our train, and jest at our attire:

420

Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

*E. Mor.* But nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

*Y. Mor.* Then so am I, and live to do him service,  
But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,  
I will not yield to any such upstart.

You know my mind: come, uncle, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act II

Scene I. *The Earl of Gloucester's House*

*Enter the Younger SPENSER and BALDOCK.*

*Bald.* Spenser, seeing that our lord th' Earl of Gloucester's dead,

Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

*Y. Spen.* Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,  
Because the king and he are enemies.

Baldock; learn this of me, a factious lord

Shall hardly do himself good, much less us,

But he that hath the favour of a king,

May with one word advance us while we live:

The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man,

10 On whose good fortune Spenser's hope depends.

*Bald.* What, mean you then to be his follower?

*Y. Spen.* No, his companion, for he loves me well,  
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

*Bald.* But he is banish'd; there's small hope of him.

*Y. Spen.* Ay, for a while, but, Baldock, mark the end.  
A friend of mine told me in secrecy,

That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again,

And even now a post came from the court,

With letters to our lady from the king,

20 And, as she read, she smil'd, which makes me think  
It is about her lover Gaveston.

*Bald.* 'Tis like enough, for since he was exil'd,  
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight:

But I had thought the match had been broke off,  
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

*Y. Spen.* Our lady's first love is not wavering,  
My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.

*Bald.* Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,  
Having read unto her since she was a child.

30 *Y. Spen.* Then Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,  
And learn to court it like a gentleman.

'Tis not a black coat and a little band,  
A velvet-cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,  
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,  
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,  
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,  
Or making low legs to a nobleman,  
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,  
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honour,"

40

Can get you any favour with great men,  
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,  
And now and then, stab as occasion serves.

*Bald.* Spenser, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,  
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.

Mine old lord whiles he liv'd, was so precise,  
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,  
And, being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness,  
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,  
Though inwardly licentious enough,  
And apt for any kind of villainy.

50

I am none of these common pedants, I,  
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

*Y. Spen.* But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,  
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

*Bald.* Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

*Enter KING EDWARD'S Niece.*

*Niece.* The grief for his exile was not so much,  
As is the joy of his returning home.

This letter came from my sweet Gaveston.  
What need'st thou love, thus to excuse thyself?  
I know thou couldst not come and visit me.

60

"I will not long be from thee, though I die":  
This argues the entire love of my lord.

"When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart,"  
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.

[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*]

Now to the letter of my lord the king,  
He wills me to repair unto the court,  
And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,

Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage day?  
Who's there? Baldock!

70 See that my coach be ready; I must hence.

*Bald.* It shall be done, madam.

*Niece.* And meet me at the park-pale presently.

[*Exit* BALDOCK.]

Spenser, stay you, and bear me company,

For I have joyful news to tell thee of.

My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,

And will be at the court as soon as we.

*Y. Spen.* I knew the king would have him home again.

*Niece.* If all things sort out, as I hope they will,  
Thy service, Spenser, shall be thought upon.

80 *Y. Spen.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Niece.* Come, lead the way, I long till I am there.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II. *Before Tynmouth Castle*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, LANCASTER,  
*the Younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE,  
KENT, *and* Attendants.

*K. Edw.* The wind is good; I wonder why he stays:  
I fear me he is wreck'd upon the sea.

*Q. Isab.* Look Lancaster, how passionate he is,  
And still his mind runs on his minion.

*Lan.* My lord.

*K. Edw.* How now, what news? is Gaveston arriv'd?

*Y. Mor.* Nothing but Gaveston, what means your  
grace?

You have matters of more weight to think upon,  
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

10 *K. Edw.* A trifle, we'll expel him when we please:  
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,  
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

*Y. Mor.* A homely one my lord, not worth the telling.

*K. Edw.* Prithee, let me know it.

*Y. Mor.* But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:

A lofty cedar tree, fair flourishing,  
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch,  
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,  
And gets unto the highest bough of all;  
The motto, *Æque tandem*.

20

*K. Edw.* And what is yours, my Lord of Lancaster?

*Lan.* My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's:  
Pliny reports, there is a flying-fish,  
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,  
And therefore being pursu'd, it takes the air:  
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl  
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,  
The motto this: *Undique mors est*.

30

*Kent.* Proud Mortimer, ungentle Lancaster,  
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?  
Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears?  
Can you in words make show of amity,  
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?  
What call you this but private libelling  
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

*Q. Isab.* Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

*K. Edw.* They love me not that hate my Gaveston.  
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;  
And you the eagles, soar ye ne'er so high,  
I have the jesses that will pull you down,  
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry  
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy:

40

Though thou compar'st him to a flying-fish,  
And threaten'st death whether he rise or fall,  
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,  
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

*Y. Mor.* If in his absence thus he favours him,  
What will he do whenas he shall be present?

*Lan.* That shall we see: look, where his lordship comes!

*Enter GAVESTON.*

*K. Edw.* My Gaveston,  
Welcome to Tynmouth, welcome to thy friend.  
Thy absence made me droop and pine away,

50

For, as the lovers of fair Danaë,  
 When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,  
 Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous,  
 So did it sure with me: and now thy sight  
 Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence  
 Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

*Gav.* Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth  
 mine,

60 Yet have I words left to express my joy:  
 The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage  
 Frolics not more to see the painted spring,  
 Than I do to behold your majesty.

*K. Edw.* Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

*Lan.* Salute him? yes: welcome Lord Chamberlain.

*Y. Mor.* Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall.

*War.* Welcome Lord Governor of the Isle of Man.

*Pem.* Welcome Master Secretary.

*Kent.* Brother, do you hear them?

70 *K. Edw.* Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

*Gav.* My lord I cannot brook these injuries.

*Q. Isab.* Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar!

[*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

*Gav.* Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,  
 Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;  
 And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,  
 Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low,  
 As to bestow a look on such as you.

*Lan.* Yet I disdain not to do this for you.

[*Draws his sword.*

80 *K. Edw.* Treason, treason: where's the traitor?

*Pem.* Here, here.

*K. Edw.* Convey hence Gaveston, they'll murder him.

*Gav.* The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

*Y. Mor.* Villain, thy life, unless I miss mine aim.

[*Wounds GAVESTON.*

*Q. Isab.* Ah, furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

*Y. Mor.* No more than I would answer, were he slain.

[*Exit GAVESTON with Attendants.*

*K. Edw.* Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live,  
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed:

Out of my presence, come not near the court.

*Y. Mor.* I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston. 90

*Lan.* We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

*K. Edw.* Look to your own heads, his is sure enough.

*War.* Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

*Kent.* Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

*K. Edw.* Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus,  
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads

That think with high looks thus to tread me down.

Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men,

'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA,  
and KENT. X

*War.* Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd. 100

*Y. Mor.* Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath.

*Lan.* Cousin it is no dealing with him now,  
He means to make us stoop by force of arms,  
And therefore let us jointly here protest,  
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

*Y. Mor.* By heaven, the abject villain shall not live.

*War.* I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

*Pem.* The like oath Pembroke takes.

*Lan.* And so doth Lancaster:

Now send our heralds to defy the king,  
And make the people swear to put him down. 110

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Y. Mor.* Letters, from whence?

*Mes.* From Scotland, my lord.

[*Giving letters to* MORTIMER.

*Lan.* Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?

*Y. Mor.* My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

*Lan.* We'll have him ransom'd, man, be of good cheer.

*Y. Mor.* They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.  
Who should defray the money, but the king,  
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?

I'll to the king.

*Lan.* Do cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

*War.* Meantime my Lord of Pembroke and myself  
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

*Y. Mor.* About it, then, and we will follow you.

*Lan.* Be resolute and full of secrecy.

*War.* I warrant you. *[Exit with PEMBROKE.]*

*Y. Mor.* Cousin, an if he will not ransom him,  
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,  
As never subject did unto his king.

130 *Lan.* Content, I'll bear my part. Hollo, who's there?

*Enter Guard.*

*Y. Mor.* Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

*Lan.* Lead on the way.

*Guard.* Whither will your lordships?

*Y. Mor.* Whither else but to the king?

*Guard.* His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

*Lan.* Why, so he may, but we will speak to him.

*Guard.* You may not in, my lord.

*Y. Mor.* May we not?

*Enter KING EDWARD and KENT.*

*K. Edw.* How now, what noise is this?

140 *Who have we there? is't you?*

*Y. Mor.* Nay, stay my lord, I come to bring you news,  
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

*K. Edw.* Then ransom him.

*Lan.* 'Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.

*Y. Mor.* And you shall ransom him, or else—

*Kent.* What Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

*K. Edw.* Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,  
To gather for him throughout the realm.

*Lan.* Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

150 *Y. Mor.* My lord, the family of the Mortimers  
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,  
Would levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

*K. Edw.* Shall I still be haunted thus?

*Y. Mor.* Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak my mind.

*Lan.* And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

*Y. Mor.* The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows  
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,  
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak,  
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

160

*Lan.* Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd.  
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,  
And lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates,  
The wild Oneil, with swarms of Irish kerns,  
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale,  
Unto the walls of York the Scots made road,  
And unresisted, drive away rich spoils.

*Y. Mor.* The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,  
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

*Lan.* What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

170

*Y. Mor.* Who loves thee? but a sort of flatterers.

*Lan.* Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,  
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

*Y. Mor.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those  
That make a king seem glorious to the world,  
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:  
Libels are cast again thee in the street,  
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

*Lan.* The northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,  
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,  
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

180

*Y. Mor.* When wert thou in the field with banner  
spread?

But once, and then thy soldiers march'd like players,  
With garish robes, not armour, and thyself,  
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,  
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,  
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

*Lan.* And thereof came it that the fleering Scots,  
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig:

*Maids of England, sore may you mourn,  
For your lemans you have lost at Bannocksbourn,*

190

*Sweet heart!*

*With a heave and a ho.*

*What weeneth the king of England*

*So soon to have won Scotland,*

*With a rombelow.*

*Y. Mor.* Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

*Lan.* And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.  
If you be mov'd, revenge it as you can,  
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

*[Exit with Y. MORTIMER.]*

200 *K. Edw.* My swelling heart for very anger breaks.

How oft have I been baited by these peers?

And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is great:

Yet shall the crowing of these cockerels

Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,

And let their lives'-blood slake thy fury's hunger:

If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,

Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

*Kent.* My lord, I see your love to Gaveston

Will be the ruin of the realm and you,

210 For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,

And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

*K. Edw.* Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

*Kent.* Ay, and it grieves me that I favour'd him.

*K. Edw.* Traitor, be gone, whine thou with Mortimer.

*Kent.* So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

*K. Edw.* Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

*Kent.* No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,  
When I thy brother am rejected thus. *[Exit KENT.]*

*K. Edw.* Away. Poor Gaveston, thou hast no friend but me,  
220 Do what they can, we'll live in Tynmouth here,  
And so I walk with him about the walls,  
What care I though the earls begirt us round?  
Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, with EDWARD'S NIECE, two Ladies, GAVESTON, BALDOCK, and the Younger SPENSER.*

*Q. Isab.* My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

*K. Edw.* Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour 'em.

he lacks the "active principle," as I remember

ACT II. SCENE II

33

Rayna

*Q. Isab.* Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

*Niece.* Sweet uncle, speak more kindly to the queen.

*Gav.* My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

*K. Edw.* Pardon me, sweet, I forgot myself.

*Q. Isab.* Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.

230

*K. Edw.* The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,  
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

*Gav.* Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

*K. Edw.* I dare not, for the people love him well.

*Gav.* Why, then, we'll have him privily made away.

*K. Edw.* Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd  
A bowl of poison to each other's health:

But let them go, and tell me what are these.

*Niece.* Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,  
May't please your grace to entertain them now.

240

*K. Edw.* Tell me, where wast thou born?

What is thine arms? *a - bearing*

*Bald.* My name is Baldock, and my gentry  
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

*K. Edw.* The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.  
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.

*Bald.* I humbly thank your majesty.

*K. Edw.* Knowest thou him, Gaveston.

*Gav.* Ay, my lord,  
His name is Spenser, he is well allied.

250

For my sake let him wait upon your grace,  
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

*K. Edw.* Then Spenser, wait upon me, for his sake  
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.

*Y. Spen.* No greater titles happen unto me  
Than to be favour'd of your majesty.

*K. Edw.* Cousin, this day shall be your marriage  
feast,

And Gaveston, think that I love thee well,  
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir  
Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceas'd.

260

*Gav.* I know, my lord, many will stomach me,  
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

*K. Edw.* The headstrong barons shall not limit me.

To have it " He that I list to favour shall be great:  
Come let's away; and when the marriage ends,  
Have at the rebels and their complices. [Exeunt.

Scene III, *Near Tynmouth Castle*

Enter LANCASTER, the Younger MORTIMER,  
WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and KENT.

*Kent.* My lords, of love to this our native land,  
I come to join with you, and leave the king,  
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof,  
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

*Lan.* I fear me you are sent of policy,  
To undermine us with a show of love.

*War.* He is your brother, therefore have we cause  
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

*Kent.* Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth,  
10 If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

*Y. Mor.* Stay Edmund, never was Plantagenet  
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

*Pem.* But what's the reason you should leave him now?

*Kent.* I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.

*Lan.* And it sufficeth: now my lords know this,  
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,  
And here in Tynmouth frolics with the king.  
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,  
And suddenly surprise them unawares.

20 *Y. Mor.* I'll give the onset.

*War.* And I'll follow thee.

*Y. Mor.* This tottered ensign of my ancestors,  
Which swept the desert shore of that Dead Sea  
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,  
Will I advance upon these castle walls,  
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,  
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston.

*Lan.* None be so hardy as to touch the king,  
But neither spare you Gaveston, nor his friends.

[Exeunt

*Mortimer's name  
crossed over  
getting name  
of the  
Dead Sea  
Y. Mor.  
But so it is  
not so, it is  
really not  
50%.*

*return  
more  
- D*

Scene IV. *In Tynmouth Castle*

*Enter, severally, KING EDWARD and the Younger SPENSER.*

*K. Edw.* O, tell me, Spenser, where is Gaveston?

*Y. Spen.* I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

*K. Edw.* No, here he comes, now let them spoil and kill.

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, KING EDWARD'S Niece, GAVESTON, and Nobles.*

Fly, fly, my lords; the earls have got the hold,  
Take shipping and away to Scarborough.

Spenser and I will post away by land.

*Gav.* O, stay my lord, they will not injure you.

*K. Edw.* I will not trust them. Gaveston, away.

*Gav.* Farewell, my lord.

*K. Edw.* Lady, farewell.

*Niece.* Farewell, sweet uncle till we meet again.

*K. Edw.* Farewell, sweet Gaveston, and farewell, niece.

*Q. Isab.* No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?

*K. Edw.* Yes, yes, for Mortimer your lover's sake.

*[Exeunt all except QUEEN ISABELLA.]*

*Q. Isab.* Heavens can witness, I love none but you.

From my embracements thus he breaks away,  
O, that mine arms could close this isle about,  
That I might pull him to me where I would,  
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,  
Had power to mollify his stony heart,  
That, when I had him, we might never part.

*Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, the Younger MORTIMER, and others. Alarums within.*

*Lan.* I wonder how he scap'd.

*Y. Mor.* Who's this, the queen?

*Q. Isab.* Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,  
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,  
And body with continual mourning wasted:  
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord

From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,  
 And all in vain, for when I speak him fair,  
 30 He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.

*Y. Mor.* Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?

*Q. Isab.* What would you with the king, is't him you seek?

*Lan.* No madam, but that cursed Gaveston.  
 Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,  
 To offer violence to his sovereign,  
 We would but rid the realm of Gaveston.  
 Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

*Q. Isab.* He's gone by water unto Scarborough:  
 Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;  
 40 The king hath left him, and his train is small.

*War.* Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march.

*Y. Mor.* How comes it that the king and he is parted?

*Q. Isab.* That thus your army going several ways,  
 Might be of lesser force, and with the power  
 That he intendeth presently to raise,  
 Be easily suppress'd: therefore be gone.

*Y. Mor.* Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy,  
 Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

*Lan.* The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails,  
 50 Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, stay you within this castle here.

*Q. Isab.* No Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

*Y. Mor.* Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

*Q. Isab.* You know the king is so suspicious,  
 As, if he hear I have but talk'd with you,  
 Mine honour will be call'd in question;  
 And therefore, gentle Mortimer be gone.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,  
 But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ISABELLA.]

60 *Q. Isab.* So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,  
 As Isabel could live with thee for ever.

In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,  
 Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston:  
 Yet once more I'll importune him with prayers.

If he be strange and not regard my words,  
My son and I will over into France,  
And to the king my brother there complain,  
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:  
But yet, I hope, my sorrows will have end,  
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain.

[Exit. 70]

Scene V. *The Open Country*

*Enter GAVESTON, pursued.*

*Gav.* Yet lusty lords I have escap'd your hands,  
Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits,  
And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,  
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,  
Breathing in hope (malgrado all your beards,  
That muster rebels thus against your king)  
To see his royal sovereign once again.

*Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, the Younger  
MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES and other Attendants  
of PEMBROKE.*

*War.* Upon him soldiers, take away his weapons.

*Y. Mor.* Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,  
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils, 10  
Base flatterer, yield, and were it not for shame,  
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,  
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,  
And welter in thy gore.

*Lan.* Monster of men,  
That like the Greekish strumpet train'd to arms  
And bloody wars so many valiant knights,  
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death.  
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

*War.* Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave? 20  
Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,  
His head shall off: Gaveston, short warning  
Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause

That here severely we will execute  
Upon thy person: Hang him at a bough.

*Gav.* My lord,

*War.* Soldiers, have him away:

But for thou wert the favourite of a king,  
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.

30 *Gav.* I thank you all my lords, then I perceive  
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,  
And death is all.

*Enter ARUNDEL.*

*Lan.* How now, my Lord of Arundel?

*Arun.* My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

*War.* Arundel, say your message.

*Arun.* His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,  
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may  
See him before he dies, for why he says,  
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall,  
40 And if you gratify his grace so far,  
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

*War.* How now?

*Gav.* Renowned Edward, how thy name  
Revives poor Gaveston.

*War.* No, it needeth not.  
Arundel, we will gratify the king  
In other matters, he must pardon us in this.  
Soldiers, away with him.

*Gav.* Why my Lord of Warwick,  
50 Will now these short delays beget my hopes?  
I know it lords, it is this life you aim at,  
Yet grant King Edward this.

*Y. Mor.* Shalt thou appoint  
What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with him.  
Thus we'll gratify the king,  
We'll send his head by thee, let him bestow  
His tears on that, for that is all he gets  
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

*Lan.* Not so my lord, lest he bestow more cost  
60 In burying him than he hath ever earn'd.

If he be strange and not regard my words,  
My son and I will over into France,  
And to the king my brother there complain,  
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:  
But yet, I hope, my sorrows will have end,  
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain.

[Exit. 70]

Scene V. *The Open Country*

*Enter GAVESTON, pursued.*

*Gav.* Yet lusty lords I have escap'd your hands,  
Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits,  
And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,  
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,  
Breathing in hope (malgrado all your beards,  
That muster rebels thus against your king)  
To see his royal sovereign once again.

*Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, the Younger  
MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES and other Attendants  
of PEMBROKE.*

*War.* Upon him soldiers, take away his weapons.

*Y. Mor.* Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,  
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils, 10  
Base flatterer, yield, and were it not for shame,  
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,  
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,  
And welter in thy gore. a

*Lan.* Monster of men,  
That like the Greekish strumpet train'd to arms  
And bloody wars so many valiant knights,  
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death.  
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

*War.* Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave? 20  
Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,  
His head shall off: Gaveston, short warning  
Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause

100 *Gav.* Sweet sovereign, yet I come  
To see thee ere I die.

*War.* Yet not perhaps,  
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [Aside.

*Y. Mor.* My Lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you,  
Return him on your honour. Sound away.

[Exeunt all except PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, GAVESTON,  
JAMES, and other Attendants of PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* My lord, you shall go with me,  
My house is not far hence, out of the way  
A little, but our men shall go along.  
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,  
110 Sir, must not come so near to balk their lips.

*Arun.* 'Tis very kindly spoke my Lord of Pembroke,  
Your honour hath an adamant of power  
To draw a prince.

*Pem.* So, my lord. Come hither, James,  
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,  
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning  
We will discharge thee of thy charge, be gone.

*Gav.* Unhappy Gaveston, whither go'st thou now?

[Exit with JAMES and other Attendants of PEMBROKE.

*Horse-boy.* My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.  
[Exeunt.

## Act III

### Scene I. *The Open Country*

*Enter GAVESTON mourning, JAMES and other  
Attendants of PEMBROKE.*

*Gav.* O treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend!

*James.* I see it is your life these arms pursue.

*Gav.* Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands,  
O, must this day be period of my life!  
Centre of all my bliss! And ye be men,  
Speed to the king.

*Arun.* My lords, it is his majesty's request,  
And in the honour of a king he swears,  
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

*War.* When, can you tell? Arundel, no, we wot,  
He that the care of realm remits,  
And drives his nobles to these exigents  
For Gaveston, will if he seize him once,  
Violate any promise to possess him.

*Arun.* Then if you will not trust his grace in keep,  
My lords, I will be pledge for his return. 70

*Y. Mor.* It is honourable in thee to offer this,  
But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman,  
We will not wrong thee so,  
To make away a true man for a thief.

*Gav.* How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that is over-base.

*Y. Mor.* Away base groom, robber of king's renown.  
Question with thy companions and mates.

*Pem.* My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords each one,  
To gratify the king's request therein,  
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,  
Because his majesty so earnestly 80  
Desires to see the man before his death,  
I will upon mine honour undertake  
To carry him, and bring him back again,  
Provided this, that you my Lord of Arundel,  
Will join with me.

*War.* Pembroke, what wilt thou do?  
Cause yet more bloodshed: is it not enough  
That we have taken him, but must we now  
Leave him on "Had I wist," and let him go?

*Pem.* My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,  
But if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,  
Upon mine oath I will return him back.

*Had I known  
(what would have  
90  
= a common  
phrase of  
disaffection*

*Arun.* My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

*Lan.* Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

*Pem.* And you, Lord Mortimer?

*Y. Mor.* How say you, my Lord of Warwick?

*War.* Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.

*Pem.* Then give him me.

You would not suffer thus your majesty

Be counterbuff'd of your nobility. *beaten, insulted*

20 Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,  
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,  
As by their preachments they will profit much,  
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

*K. Edw.* Yes, gentle Spenser, we have been too mild,  
Too kind to them, but now have drawn our sword,  
And if they send me not my Gaveston,

*use stile* We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops. *cut the top off*

*Bald.* This haught resolve becomes your majesty,  
Not to be tied to their affection,  
30 As though your highness were a school-boy still,  
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

*Enter HUGH SPENSER, an old man, father to Young SPENSER, with his truncheon, and Soldiers.*

*H. Spen.* Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,  
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars.

*K. Edw.* Welcome old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?

Then tell thy prince, of whence, and what thou art.

*H. Spen.* Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,  
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong, *new with light shield*  
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,

*weapons on long staffs* I come in person to your majesty,  
40 Spenser, the father of Hugh Spenser there,  
Bound to your highness everlastingly  
For favours done in him, unto us all.

*K. Edw.* Thy father, Spenser?

*Y. Spen.* True, an it like your grace,  
That pours in lieu of all your goodness shown,  
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

*K. Edw.* Welcome ten thousand times, old man again.  
Spenser, this love, this kindness to thy king,  
Argues thy noble mind and disposition:  
50 Spenser, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,  
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,  
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee:

Beside, the more to manifest our love,  
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,  
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,  
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons,  
And Spenser, spare them not, lay it on.  
Soldiers a largess, and thrice-welcome all!

*Y. Spen.* My lord, here comes the queen.

*Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, and  
LEVUNE, a *Frenchman*.

*K. Edw.* Madam, what news? 60

*Q. Isab.* News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.  
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,  
Informeth us, by letters and by words,  
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,  
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,  
Hath seized Normandy into his hands:  
These be the letters, this the messenger.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,  
Valois and I will soon be friends again.  
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,  
Never behold thee now? Madam, in this matter 70  
We will employ you and your little son,  
You shall go parley with the King of France.  
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,  
And do your message with a majesty.

*P. Edw.* Commit not to my youth things of more weight  
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,  
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams  
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe  
Than shall your charge committed to my trust. 80

*Q. Isab.* Ah, boy, this towardness makes thy mother  
fear

Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.

*K. Edw.* Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,  
And this our son, Levune shall follow you  
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.  
Choose of our lords to bear you company,  
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

*Q. Isab.* Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king,  
 God end them once: my lord, I take my leave,  
 90 To make my preparation for France.

[Exit with PRINCE EDWARD.]

Enter ARUNDEL.

*K. Edw.* What, Lord Arundel dost thou come alone?

*Arun.* Yea my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

*K. Edw.* Ah traitors, have they put my friend to death?  
 Tell me Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,  
 Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

*Arun.* Neither my lord, for as he was surpris'd,  
 Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,  
 I did your highness' message to them all,  
 Demanding him of them, entreating rather,  
 100 And said, upon the honour of my name,  
 That I would undertake to carry him  
 Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

*K. Edw.* And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

*Y. Spen.* Proud recreants. *traitors*

*K. Edw.* Yea Spenser, traitors all.

*Arun.* I found them at the first inexorable,  
 The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,  
 Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster  
 Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,  
 110 Refusing to receive me pledge for him,  
 The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake:  
 "My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,  
 And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,  
 I will this undertake, to have him hence,  
 And see him re-deliver'd to your hands."

*K. Edw.* Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

*Y. Spen.* Some treason, or some villainy was cause.

*Arun.* The Earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way,  
 For being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men  
 120 Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe,  
 But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,  
 And bare him to his death, and in a trench  
 Strake off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

*Y. Spen.* A bloody part, flatly against law of arms.

*K. Edw.* O, shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

*Y. Spen.* My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword,  
Upon these barons, hearten up your men,  
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends,  
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,  
And march to fire them from their starting-holes. 130

*K. Edw.* [*kneeling*]. By earth, the common mother of  
us all,

By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,  
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,  
And all the honours 'longing to my crown,  
I will have heads and lives for him as many  
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers. [*Rises.*

Treacherous Warwick, traitorous Mortimer:  
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore  
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,  
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood, 140  
And stain my royal standard with the same,  
That so my bloody colours may suggest  
Remembrance of revenge immortally  
On your accursed traitorous progeny:  
You villains that have slain my Gaveston.  
And in this place of honour and of trust,  
Spenser, sweet Spenser, I adopt thee here,  
And merely of our love we do create thee  
Earl of Gloucester and Lord Chamberlain,  
Despite of times, despite of enemies. 150

*Y. Spen.* My lord, here's a messenger from the barons  
Desires access unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* Admit him near.

*Enter Herald with his coat of arms.*

*Her.* Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord.

*K. Edw.* So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither,  
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his complices,  
A ranker rout of rebels never was:  
Well, say thy message.

*Her.* The barons, up in arms, by me salute

160 Your highness with long life and happiness,  
 And bid me say as plainer to your grace,  
 That if without effusion of blood  
 You will this grief have ease and remedy,  
 That from your princely person you remove  
 This Spenser, as a putrifying branch,  
 That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves  
 Empale your princely head, your diadem,  
 Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,  
 Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,  
 170 To cherish virtue and nobility,  
 And have old servitors in high esteem,  
 And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:  
 This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,  
 Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.  
*Y. Spen.* Ah, traitors, will they still display their pride?  
*K. Edw.* Away, tarry no answer, but be gone.  
 Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign  
 His sports, his pleasures, and his company:  
 Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce

[Embraces Young SPENSER.]

180 Spenser from me: now get thee to thy lords,  
 And tell them I will come to chastise them,  
 For murdering Gaveston: hie thee, get thee gone.  
 Edward with fire and sword, follows at thy heels.  
 [Exit Herald.]

My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell:  
 Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,  
 For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.  
 Away.

[Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and  
 a retreat sounded, within.]

### Scene III. *The battlefield of Boroughbridge*

*Re-enter* KING EDWARD, *the Elder* SPENSER, *the Younger*  
 SPENSER, BALDOCK, *and* Noblemen *of the king's side.*

*K. Edw.* Why do we sound retreat? upon them lords,  
 This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword

On those proud rebels that are up in arms,  
And do confront and countermand their king.

*Y. Spen.* I doubt it not my lord, right will prevail.

*E. Spen.* 'Tis not amiss my liege for either part  
To breathe a while, our men, with sweat and dust  
All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat,  
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

*Y. Spen.* Here come the rebels.

10

*Enter the Younger MORTIMER, LANCASTER,  
WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and others.*

*Y. Mor.* Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward among his  
flatterers.

*Lan.* And there let him be,  
Till he pay dearly for their company.

*War.* And shall or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

*K. Edw.* What rebels, do you shrink and sound re-  
treat?

*Y. Mor.* No Edward, no; thy flatterers faint and fly.

*Lan.* They'd best betimes forsake thee and their trains,  
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

*Y. Spen.* Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster.

*Pem.* Away base upstart, brav'st thou nobles thus?

20

*E. Spen.* A noble attempt and honourable deed,  
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,  
And levy arms against your lawful king?

*K. Edw.* For which ere long, their heads shall satisfy  
T' appease the wrath of their offended king.

*Y. Mor.* Then Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,  
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood  
Than banish that pernicious company.

*K. Edw.* Ay traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,  
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,  
And ploughs to go about our palace gates.

30

*War.* A desperate and unnatural resolution,  
Alarum to the fight,  
Saint George for England, and the barons' right.

*K. Edw.* Saint George for England, and King Edward's  
right! [*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally.*]

*Enter KING EDWARD and his followers, with the Barons and KENT captive.*

*K. Edw.* Now lusty lords, now not by chance of war,  
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,  
*lowered* Vail'd is your pride: methinks you hang the heads,  
But we'll advance them traitors, now 'tis time  
40 To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,  
And for the murder of my dearest friend,  
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,  
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.  
Ah, rebels, recreants, you made him away.

*Kent.* Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,  
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

*K. Edw.* So, sir, you have spoke, away, avoid our  
presence. [Exit KENT.]

Accursed wretches, was't in regard of us,  
When we had sent our messenger to request  
50 He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,  
And Pembroke undertook for his return,  
That thou proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,  
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms?  
For which thy head shall overlook the rest  
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest?

*War.* Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,  
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

*Lan.* The worst is death, and better die to live,  
Than live in infamy under such a king.

60 *K. Edw.* Away with them my lord of Winchester,  
These lusty leaders Warwick and Lancaster,  
I charge you roundly off with both their heads!  
Away.

*War.* Farewell vain world!

*Lan.* Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

*Y. Mor.* England, unkind to thy nobility,  
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed.

*K. Edw.* Go take that haughty Mortimer to the  
Tower,

There see him safe bestow'd, and for the rest,

Do speedy execution on them all.

70

Be gone.

*Y. Mor.* What, Mortimer? can ragged stony walls  
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?

No Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,  
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

*[The captive Barons are led off.]*

*K. Edw.* Sound drums and trumpets! March with me,  
my friends.

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

*[Exeunt all except the Younger SPENSER,  
LEVUNE, and BALDOCK.]*

*Y. Spen.* Levune, the trust that we repose in thee

Begets the quiet of King Edward's land,

Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice

80

Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,

That therewith all enchanted like the guard

That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold

To Danaë, all aid may be denied

To Isabel the queen, that now in France

Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,

And step into his father's regiment.

*Levune.* That's it these barons and the subtle queen  
Long levell'd at.

*Bald.* Yea, but Levune, thou seest,  
These barons lay their heads on blocks together,  
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

90

*Levune.* Have you no doubts, my lords, I'll clap so close  
Among the lords of France with England's gold,  
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,  
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

*Y. Spen.* Then make for France amain, Levune away,  
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories. *[Exeunt.]*

Act IV

Scene I. *London, near the Tower*

*Enter KENT.*

*Kent.* Fair blows the wind for France, blow gentle gale,  
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good.  
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.  
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends.  
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?  
But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,  
And certify what Edward's looseness is.  
Unnatural king, to slaughter noblemen  
And cherish flatterers: Mortimer, I stay  
10 Thy sweet escape.  
Stand gracious, gloomy night, to his device.

*Enter the Younger MORTIMER disguised.*

*Y. Mor.* Holla, who walketh there? Is't you, my lord?

*Kent.* Mortimer, 'tis I,  
But hath thy portion wrought so happily?

*Y. Mor.* It hath, my lord: the warders all asleep,  
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace:  
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

*Kent.* Fear it not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II. *Paris*

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA and PRINCE EDWARD.*

*Q. Isab.* Ah, boy, our friends do fail us all in France,  
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind.  
What shall we do?

*P. Edw.* Madam, return to England,  
And please my father well, and then a fig  
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.

I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly,  
'A loves me better than a thousand Spensers.

*Q. Isab.* Ah boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,  
To think that we can yet be tun'd together,  
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois,  
Unhappy Isabel, when France rejects,  
Whither, O, whither dost thou bend thy steps?

10

*Enter* SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

*Sir J.* Madam, what cheer?

*Q. Isab.* Ah, good Sir John of Hainault,  
Never so cheerless, nor so far distress.

*Sir J.* I hear sweet lady of the king's unkindness,  
But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn  
Despair. Will your grace with me to Hainault?  
And there stay time's advantage with your son?  
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,  
And shake off all our fortunes equally?

20

*P. Edw.* So pleaseth the queen my mother, me it likes.  
The king of England, not the court of France,  
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,  
Till I be strong enough to break a staff,  
And then have at the proudest Spenser's head.

*Sir J.* Well said, my lord.

*Q. Isab.* O my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs?  
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy.

30

Ah, sweet Sir John, even to the utmost verge  
Of Europe, on the shore of Tanais, *on*  
Will we with thee to Hainault, so we will.  
The marquis is a noble gentleman,  
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.  
But who are these?

*Enter* KENT *and the Younger* MORTIMER.

*Kent.* Madam, long may you live  
Much happier than your friends in England do.

*Q. Isab.* Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive?  
Welcome to France: the news was here my lord,  
That you were dead, or very near your death.

40

*Y. Mor.* Lady, the last was truest of the twain,  
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,  
Hath shaken off the thralldom of the Tower,  
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

*P. Edw.* How mean you, and the king my father lives?  
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

*Q. Isab.* Not, son, why not? I would it were no worse,  
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

50 *Y. Mor.* Monsieur Le Grand, a noble friend of yours,  
Told us, at our arrival, all the news,  
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king  
Hath show'd himself: but madam, right makes room,  
Where weapons want, and though a many friends  
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,  
And others of our part and faction,  
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England  
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,  
To see us there appointed for our foes.

60 *Kent.* Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,  
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.

*Y. Mor.* But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserv'd.  
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.

*Sir J.* My lords of England, sith the ungentle king  
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms  
To this distressed queen, his sister here,  
Go you with her to Hainault: doubt ye not,  
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends  
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.

70 How say'st, young prince, what think you of the match?

*P. Edw.* I think King Edward will outrun us all.

*Q. Isab.* Nay son, not so, and you must not discourage  
Your friends that are so forward in your aid.

*Kent.* Sir John of Hainault, pardon us I pray,  
These comforts that you give our woful queen,  
Bind us in kindness all at your command.

*Q. Isab.* Yea, gentle brother, and the God of heaven  
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John.

*Y. Mor.* This noble gentleman, forward in arms,  
80 Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.

Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,  
That England's queen, and nobles in distress  
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.

*Sir J.* Madam along, and you my lord, with me,  
That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III. *London, the Palace*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, ARUNDEL, *the two* SPENSERS,  
*with others.*

*K. Edw.* Thus after many threats of wrathful war,  
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,  
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroll'd.  
My Lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?

*Y. Spen.* What news my lord?

*K. Edw.* Why man, they say there is great execution  
Done through the realm: My Lord of Arundel  
You have the note, have you not?

*Arun.* From the Lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

*K. Edw.* I pray, let us see it; what have we there? 10  
Read it, Spenser.

[*SPENSER reads their names.*]

Why so, they bark'd apace a month ago,  
Now on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.  
Now sirs, the news from France. Gloucester, I trow  
The lords of France love England's gold so well,  
As Isabella gets no aid from thence.  
What now remains? have you proclaim'd, my lord,  
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

*Y. Spen.* My lord, we have, and, if he be in England,  
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not. 20

*K. Edw.* If, dost thou say? Spenser, as true as death,  
He is in England's ground, our port-masters  
Are not so careless of their king's command.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now, what news with thee, from whence come  
these?

*Mess.* Letters my lord, and tidings forth of France,  
To you my Lord of Gloucester, from Levune.

*K. Edw.* Read.

[SPENSER reads the letter.

*My duty to your honour promised, etc., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France*  
30 *and his lords, and effected, that the Queen all discontented and discomforted, is gone, whither if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others, and as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import.*

*Your honour's in all service, LEVUNE.*

*K. Edw.* Ah, villains, hath that Mortimer escap'd?  
40 With him is Edmund gone associate?

And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?

Welcome, o' God's name, madam, and your son,

England shall welcome you, and all your rout.

Gallop apace bright Phœbus, through the sky;

And dusky Night, in rusty iron car,

Between you both, shorten the time I pray,

That I may see that most desired day,

When we may meet these traitors in the field.

Ah, nothing grieves me but my little boy

50 Is thus misled to countenance their ills.

Come friends, to Bristow, there to make us strong,

And winds as equal be to bring them in,

As you injurious were to bear them forth.

[*Exeunt.*

#### Scene IV. *Near Harwich*

*Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, KENT, the  
Younger MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

*Q. Isab.* Now lords, our loving friends and countrymen,  
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds,  
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,  
To cope with friends at home: a heavy case,

When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive  
 In civil broils make kin and countrymen  
 Slaughter themselves in others and their sides  
 With their own weapons gor'd. But what's the help?  
 Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wrack,  
 And Edward, thou art one among them all,  
 Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,  
 Who made the channel overflow with blood.  
 Of thine own people, patron shouldst thou be,  
 But thou—

10

Y. Mor. Nay madam, if you be a warrior  
 You must not grow so passionate in speeches.  
 Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heaven,  
 Arriv'd and armed in this prince's right,  
 Here for our country's cause swear we to him  
 All homage, fealty, and forwardness;  
 And for the open wrongs and injuries  
 Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,  
 We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;  
 That England's queen in peace may repossess  
 Her dignities and honours, and withal  
 We may remove these flatterers from the king  
 That havocks England's wealth and treasury.

20

Sir J. Sound trumpets my lord, and forward let us  
 march,  
 Edward will think we come to flatter him.

30

Kent. I would he never had been flatter'd more.

[Exeunt.]

## Scene V. Near Bristol

Enter KING EDWARD, BALDOCK, and the Younger  
 SPENSER, flying about the stage.

Y. Spen. Fly, fly, my lord, the queen is overstrong,  
 Her friends do multiply and yours do fail.  
 Shape we our course to Ireland there to breathe.

K. Edw. What, was I born to fly and run away,  
 And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?

Give me my horse and let's reinforce our troops:  
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

*Bald.* O no, my lord, this princely resolution  
Fits not the time; away, we are pursu'd. [Exeunt.]

*Enter KENT alone with a sword and target.*

10 *Kent.* This way he fled, but I am come too late.  
Edward, alas, my heart relents for thee,  
~~Proud traitor Mortimer~~, why dost thou chase  
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?  
Vile wretch, and why hast thou of all unkind,  
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?  
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,  
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs  
To punish this unnatural revolt:  
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:  
20 O fly him, then. But Edmund, calm this rage,  
Dissemble, or thou diest, for Mortimer  
And Isabel do kiss while they conspire:  
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth:  
~~Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate~~  
Edmund away, Bristow to Longshanks' blood  
Is false, be not found single for suspect:  
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, the Younger  
MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.*

*Q. Isab.* Successful battle gives the God of kings  
To them that fight in right and fear his wrath:  
30 Since then, successfully we have prevail'd,  
Thanks be heaven's great architect and you.  
Ere farther we proceed my noble lords,  
We here create our well-beloved son,  
Of love and care unto his royal person,  
Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the Fates  
Have made his father so infortunate,  
Deal you my lords, in this, my loving lords,  
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

*Kent.* Madam, without offence if I may ask,  
How will you deal with Edward in his fall? 40

*P. Edw.* Tell me good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

*Kent.* Nephew, your father, I dare not call him king.

*Y. Mor.* My Lord of Kent, what needs these questions?

'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,  
But as the realm and parliament shall please,  
So shall your brother be disposed of.

I like not this relenting mood in Edmund:  
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

[*Aside to the QUEEN.*

*Q. Isab.* My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our  
mind.

*Y. Mor.* Yea madam, and they scape not easily 50  
That fled the field.

*Q. Isab.* Baldock is with the king,  
A goodly chancellor, is he not my lord?

*Sir J.* So are the Spensers, the father and the son.

*Kent.* This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

*Enter RICE AP HOWEL, and the MAYOR OF BRISTOW,  
with the Elder SPENSER prisoner.*

*Rice.* God save Queen Isabel, and her princely son.  
Madam, the Mayor and citizens of Bristow,  
In sign of love and duty to this presence,  
Present by me this traitor to the state,  
Spenser, the father to that wanton Spenser, 60  
That like the lawless Catiline of Rome,  
Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury.

*Q. Isab.* We thank you all.

*Y. Mor.* Your loving care in this  
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.  
But where's the king and the other Spenser fled?

*Rice.* Spenser the son, created Earl of Gloucester,  
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,  
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.

*Y. Mor.* Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink  
them all: 70

They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

*P. Edw.* Shall I not see the king my father yet?

*Kent.* Unhappy's Edward, chas'd from England's bounds.

*Sir J.* Madam, what resteth, why stand you in a muse?

*Q. Isab.* I rue my lord's ill-fortune, but, alas,  
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

*Y. Mor.* Madam, have done with care and sad complaint,

Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,  
And we must seek to right it as we may,

80 Meanwhile have hence this rebel to the block.

Your lordship cannot privilege your head.

*E. Spen.* Rebel is he that fights against his prince,  
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

*Y. Mor.* Take him away, he prates.

[*Exeunt Attendants with the Elder SPENSER.*

You, Rice ap Howel,

Shall do good service to her majesty,  
Being of countenance in your country here,  
To follow these rebellious runagates.

We in mean while, madam, must take advice,  
How Baldock, Spenser, and their complices,

90 May in their fall be follow'd to their end. [Exeunt.

## Scene VI. *Abbey of Neath, Glamorganshire*

*Enter the Abbot, Monks, KING EDWARD, the Younger SPENSER, and BALDOCK (the three latter disguised).*

*Abbot.* Have you no doubt my lord, have you no fear,  
As silent and as careful we will be,  
To keep your royal person safe with us,  
Free from suspect, and fell invasion  
Of such as have your majesty in chase,  
Yourself, and those your chosen company,  
As danger of this stormy time requires.

*K. Edw.* Father, thy face should harbour no deceit,  
O hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart  
10 Pierc'd deeply with sense of my distress,

Could not but take compassion of my state.

Stately and proud, in riches and in train,  
Whilom I was powerful and full of pomp,  
But what is he whom rule and empery  
Have not in life or death made miserable?

Come Spenser, come Baldock, come, sit down by me,  
Make trial now of that philosophy,  
That in our famous nurseries of arts  
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.

~~Father, this life contemplative is heaven,~~

20

O that I might this life in quiet lead,  
But we alas, are chas'd, and you my friends,  
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.  
Yet gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,  
Do you betray us and our company.

*First Monk.* Your grace may sit secure, if none but we  
Do wot of your abode.

*Y. Spen.* Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect  
A gloomy fellow in a mead below,

'A gave a long look after us, my lord,  
And all the land, I know, is up in arms,  
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

30

*Bald.* We were embark'd for Ireland, wretched we,  
With awkward winds and sore tempests driven,  
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear  
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

*K. Edw.* Mortimer, who talks of Mortimer,  
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,  
That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap  
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,  
O, might I never ope these eyes again,  
Never again lift up this drooping head,  
O, never more lift up this dying heart!

40

*Y. Spen.* Look up, my lord. Baldock, this drowsiness  
Betides no good, here even we are betray'd.

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, RICE AP HOWEL, a Mower,  
and LEICESTER.*

*Mow.* Upon my life, those be the men ye seek.

*Rice.* Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short,  
A fair commission warrants what we do.

*Leices.* The queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer,  
50 What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?

Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen  
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life:  
Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*  
*Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.*

But Leicester, leave to grow so passionate,  
Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,  
I arrest you of high treason here,  
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest:  
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen:

60 My lord, why droop you thus?

*K. Edw.* O day! the last of all my bliss on earth,  
Centre of all misfortune. O my stars!

Why do you lour unkindly on a king?

Comes Leicester then in Isabella's name,

To take my life, my company from me?

Here man, rip up this panting breast of mine,

And take my heart, in rescue of my friends.

*Rice.* Away with them.

*Y. Spen.* It may become thee yet,

70 To let us take our farewell of his grace.

*Abbot.* My heart with pity earns to see this sight,  
A king to bear these words, and proud commands.

*K. Edw.* Spenser, ah sweet Spenser, thus then must we  
part.

*Y. Spen.* We must my lord, so will the angry heavens.

*K. Edw.* Nay so will hell, and cruel Mortimer,  
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.

*Bald.* My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm,  
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves,  
Our lots are cast, I fear me so is thine.

80 *K. Edw.* In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet,  
And Leicester say, what shall become of us?

*Leices.* Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

*K. Edw.* Must! 'tis somewhat hard, when kings must  
go.

*Leices.* Here is a litter ready for your grace,  
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

*Rice.* As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

*K. Edw.* A litter hast thou, lay me in a hearse,  
And to the gates of hell convey me hence,  
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,  
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,  
For friends hath Edward none but these, and these,  
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

*Rice.* My lord, be going, care not for these,  
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

*K. Edw.* Well, that shall be, shall be: part we must,  
Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must.  
Hence, feigned weeds, unfeigned are my woes.

*[Throwing off his disguise.]*

Father, farewell: Leicester, thou stay'st for me,  
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

*[Exeunt KING EDWARD and LEICESTER.]*

*Y. Spen.* O, is he gone! is noble Edward gone,  
Parted from hence, never to see us more!  
Rend sphere of heaven, and fire, forsake thy orb,  
Earth, melt to air, gone is my sovereign,  
Gone, gone alas, never to make return.

100

*Bald.* Spenser, I see our souls are fleeted hence,  
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life.

Make for a new life man, throw up thy eyes  
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne,  
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance,  
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,

To die sweet Spenser, therefore live we all,  
Spenser, all live to die, and rise to fall.

110

*Rice.* Come, come, keep these preachments till you  
come to the place appointed. You, and such as you  
are, have made wise work in England. Will your  
lordships away?

*Mow.* Your lordship I trust will remember me?

*Rice.* Remember thee fellow? what else? Follow me to  
the town.

*[Exeunt.]*

## Act V

Scene I. *Killingworth Castle*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL.

*Leices.* Be patient good my lord, cease to lament,  
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,  
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,  
Not of compulsion or necessity.

*K. Edw.* Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,  
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,  
For kind and loving hast thou always been:  
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd, ✓  
But not of kings: the forest deer, being struck,  
10 Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds,  
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,  
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,  
Highly scorning that the lowly earth  
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air,  
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind  
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,  
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,  
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison,  
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,  
20 As with the wings of rancour and disdain,  
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,  
To plain me to the gods against them both:  
But when I call to mind I am a king,  
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,  
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.  
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,  
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?  
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king,  
I wear the crown, but am controll'd by them,  
30 By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,  
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy,

Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,  
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,  
To company my heart with sad laments,  
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.  
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,  
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

*Bish. of Win.* Your grace mistakes, it is for England's  
good,

And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

*K. Edw.* No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head, 40  
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,  
Which in a moment will abridge his life:  
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,  
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,  
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,  
Engirt the temples of his hateful head,  
So shall not England's vine be perished,  
But Edward's name survives, though Edward dies.

*Leices.* My lord, why waste you thus the time away? 50  
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?

*K. Edw.* Ah Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook  
To lose my crown and kingdom, without cause,  
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,  
That like a mountain, overwhelms my bliss.  
In which extreme my mind here murder'd is:  
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey,  
Here, take my crown, the life of Edward too,

[Taking off the crown.]

Two kings in England cannot reign at once:

But stay a while, let me be king till night,

That I may gaze upon this glittering crown, 60

So shall my eyes receive their last content,

My head, the latest honour due to it,

And jointly both yield up their wished right.

Continue ever thou celestial sun,

Let never silent night possess this clime,

Stand still you watches of the element;

All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,

That Edward may be still fair England's king:

But day's bright beams doth vanish fast away,  
 70 And needs I must resign my wished crown.

Inhuman creatures, nurs'd with tiger's milk,  
 Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?  
 My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.

See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again. )

[Putting on the crown.]

What, fear you not the fury of your king?

But hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,

They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,

But seek to make a new-elected king,

Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,

80 Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments.

And in this torment, comfort find I none,

But that I feel the crown upon my head,

And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

Trus. My lord, the parliament must have present news,  
 And therefore say, will you resign or no?

[The KING rageth.]

K. Edw. I'll not resign, but, whilst I live,

Traitors, be gone, and join you with Mortimer,

Elect, conspire, install, do what you will,

Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

90 Bish. of Win. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

[Going with TRUSSEL.]

Leices. Call them again my lord, and speak them fair,  
 For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

K. Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. of Win. If he be not, let him choose. *take his own course*

K. Edw. O, would I might, but heavens and earth  
 conspire

To make me miserable: here, receive my crown.

Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime,

100 He of you all that most desires my blood,

And will be call'd the murderer of a king,

Take it: what, are you mov'd, pity you me?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer

And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel,  
 Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear:  
 Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,  
 Here, here: [*Gives the crown.*] Now, sweet God of heaven,  
 Make me despise this transitory pomp,  
 And sit for aye enthronised in heaven.  
 Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,  
 Or if I live, let me forget myself.

*Bish. of Win.* My lord.

*K. Edw.* Call me not lord, away, out of my sight:  
 Ah, pardon me, grief makes me lunatic.  
 Let not that Mortimer protect my son,  
 More safety there is in a tiger's jaws  
 Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen,  
 Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs:

[*Gives a handkerchief.*]

If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,  
 Return it back and dip it in my blood.  
 Commend me to my son, and bid him rule  
 Better than I: yet how have I transgress'd,  
 Unless it be with too much clemency?

*Trus.* And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.

*K. Edw.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and  
 TRUSSEL with the crown.*]

I know the next news that they bring,  
 Will be my death, and welcome shall it be.  
To wretched men death is felicity.

*Enter BERKELEY, who gives a paper to LEICESTER.*

*Leices.* Another post, what news brings he?

*K. Edw.* Such news as I expect: come, Berkeley, come,  
 And tell thy message to my naked breast.

*Berk.* My lord, think not a thought so villainous  
 Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To do your highness service and devoir, *duty*  
 And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

*Leices.* My lord, the council of the queen commands,  
 That I resign my charge.

*K. Edw.* And who must keep me now, must you, my lord?

*Berk.* Ay, most gracious lord, so 'tis decreed.

*K. Edw.* [*Taking the paper.*] By Mortimer, whose name is written here!

140 *K. Edw.* Well may I rent his name that rends my heart. [*Tears it.*

This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind.

So may his limbs be torn as is this paper,

Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too.

*Berk.* Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

*K. Edw.* Whither you will: all places are alike,  
And every earth is fit for burial.

*Leices.* Favour him my lord, as much as lieth in you.

*Berk.* Even so betide my soul as I use him.

*K. Edw.* Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,  
150 And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

*Berk.* And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

*K. Edw.* I know not, but of this am I assur'd,  
That death ends all, and I can die but once.

Leicester, farewell.

*Leices.* Not yet, my lord, I'll bear you on your way.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II. *London, the Palace*

*Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA *and the Younger* MORTIMER.

*Y. Mor.* Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,  
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king  
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,  
And he himself lies in captivity.

Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm:

In any case, take heed of childish fear,

For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,

That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,

And gripe the sorer being grip'd himself.

10 Think therefore madam, that imports as much

To erect your son with all the speed we may,

And that I be protector over him,  
For our behoof will bear the greater sway  
Whenas a king's name shall be under-writ.

*Q. Isab.* Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,  
~~Be thou persuaded that I love thee well;~~  
And therefore so the prince my son be safe,  
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,  
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,  
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

20

*Y. Mor.* First would I hear news that he were depos'd,  
And then let me alone to handle him.

*Enter Messenger.*

Letters, from whence?

*Mess.* From Killingworth, my lord.

*Q. Isab.* How fares my lord the king?

*Mess.* In health madam, but full of pensiveness.

*Q. Isab.* Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief.

*Enter the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER with the crown.*

Thanks, gentle Winchester: sirrah, be gone.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

*Bish. of Win.* The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

*Q. Isab.* O happy news, send for the prince my son. 30

*Bish. of Win.* Further, or this letter was seal'd, Lord  
Berkeley came,

So that he now is gone from Killingworth,  
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot,  
To set his brother free, nor more but so.

The Lord of Berkeley is so pitiful,  
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

*Q. Isab.* Then let some other be his guardian.

*Y. Mor.* Let me alone, here is the privy-seal.

*[Exit the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.]*

Who's there? Call hither, Gurney and Matrevis.  
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,  
Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,  
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

40

*Q. Isab.* But Mortimer, as long as he survives  
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

*Y. Mor.* Speak, shall he presently be despatch'd and  
die?

*Q. Isab.* I would he were, so 'twere not by my means.

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.*

*Y. Mor.* Enough. Matrevis, write a letter presently  
Unto the Lord of Berkeley from ourself,  
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney,  
50 And, when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

*Mat.* It shall be done, my lord.

*Y. Mor.* Gurney.

*Gur.* My lord?

*Y. Mor.* As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,  
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,  
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,  
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

*Gur.* I warrant you, my lord.

*Y. Mor.* And this above the rest: because we hear  
60 That Edmund casts to work his liberty,  
Remove him still from place to place by night,  
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,  
And then from thence to Berkeley back again:  
And by the way, to make him fret the more,  
Speak curstly to him, and in any case *variously*  
Let no man comfort him: if he chance to weep,  
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

*Mat.* Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

*Y. Mor.* So, now away, post thitherwards amain.

70 *Q. Isab.* Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?  
Commend me humbly to his majesty,  
And tell him that I labour all in vain,  
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;  
And bear him this, as witness of my love. [*Gives ring.*

*Mat.* I will, madam.

[*Exit with GURNEY.*

*Y. Mor.* Finely dissembled, do so still, sweet queen.  
Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

*Q. Isab.* Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,  
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd. 80

Q. Isab. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

*Enter PRINCE EDWARD, and KENT talking with him.*

Y. Mor. How fares my honourable Lord of Kent?

Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer. How fares your  
grace?

Q. Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.

Kent. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

Q. Isab. The more my grief.

Y. Mor. And mine.

Kent. Ah, they do dissemble. [Aside.

Q. Isab. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.

Y. Mor. Thou being his uncle, and the next of blood, 90  
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

Kent. Not I, my lord: who should protect the son,  
But she that gave him life, I mean the queen.

P. Edw. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown,  
Let him be king, I am too young to reign.

Q. Isab. But be content, seeing 'tis his highness'  
pleasure.

P. Edw. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Kent. Ay do, sweet nephew.

Q. Isab. Brother, you know it is impossible.

P. Edw. Why, is he dead?

100

Q. Isab. No, God forbid.

Kent. I would those words proceeded from your heart.

Y. Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,  
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Kent. The more cause now have I to make amends.

Y. Mor. [Aside to Q. ISAB.] I tell thee 'tis not meet,  
that one so false

Should come about the person of a prince.

My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,  
And therefore trust him not.

P. Edw. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

110

Q. Isab. Come son, and go with this gentle lord and me.

P. Edw. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

*Y. Mor.* Why youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?  
Then I will carry thee by force away.

*P. Edw.* Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.

*Q. Isab.* Brother Edmund, strive not, we are his friends;  
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.

*Kent.* Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

*Q. Isab.* Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

120 *Kent.* Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me.  
Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle,  
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,  
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt, on one side, QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE  
EDWARD, and the Younger MORTIMER; on the  
other, KENT.*]

### Scene III. *Near Killingworth Castle*

*Enter MATREVIS, GURNEY, and Soldiers, with  
KING EDWARD.*

*Mat.* My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends.  
Men are ordain'd to live in misery,  
Therefore, come; dalliance dangereth our lives.

*K. Edw.* Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?  
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?  
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,  
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?  
When will the fury of his mind assuage?  
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?  
10 If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,  
And give my heart to Isabel and him,  
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

*Gur.* Not so my liege; the queen hath given this charge,  
To keep your grace in safety:  
Your passions make your dolours to increase.

*K. Edw.* This usage makes my misery increase.  
But can my air of life continue long,  
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?  
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,

---

Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance,  
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,  
That almost rent the closet of my heart.  
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,  
And so must die, though pitied by many.  
O water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,  
And clear my body from foul excrements.

*Mat.* Here's channel-water, as our charge is given.  
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

*K. Edw.* Traitors, away, what, will you murder me,  
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water? 30

*Gur.* No, but wash your face, and shave away your  
beard,

Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

*Mat.* Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain.

*K. Edw.* The wren may strive against the lion's strength,  
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive  
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

*[They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his  
beard away.]*

Immortal powers, that know the painful cares  
That wait upon my poor distressed soul,  
O, level all your looks upon these daring men  
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king. 40  
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd,  
For me both thou and both the Spencers died,  
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.  
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,  
Wish well to mine, then tush, for them I'll die.

*Mat.* 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.  
Come, come, away, now put the torches out:  
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

*Enter KENT.*

*Gur.* How now, who comes there?

*Mat.* Guard the king sure, it is the Earl of Kent. 50

*K. Edw.* O gentle brother, help to rescue me.

*Mat.* Keep them asunder, thrust in the king.

*Kent.* Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

*Gur.* Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

*Kent.* Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the king.

*Mat.* Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

*Kent.* Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

*Gur.* Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

*Kent.* Where is the court but here? here is the king,

60 And I will visit him, why stay you me?

*Mat.* The court is where Lord Mortimer remains,  
Thither shall your honour go; and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt* MATREVIS and GURNEY with KING EDWARD.]

*Kent.* O, miserable is that common-weal,  
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!

*First Sold.* Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.

*Kent.* Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,  
Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd. [*Exeunt.*]

#### Scene IV. *London, the Palace*

*Enter the Younger MORTIMER.*

*Y. Mor.* The king must die, or Mortimer goes down,  
The commons now begin to pity him:

Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,  
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age,  
And therefore will I do it cunningly.

This letter, written by a friend of ours,  
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.

[*Reads.*]

*Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,*  
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.

10 But read it thus, and that's another sense:

*Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,*  
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.

Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,

That being dead, if it chance to be found,  
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,

And we be quit that caus'd it to be done:

Within this room is lock'd the messenger,

That shall convey it, and perform the rest,

And by a secret token that he bears,  
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.  
Lightborn, come forth!

20

*Enter* LIGHTBORN.

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?

*Light.* What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

*Y. Mor.* And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

*Light.* Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.

*Y. Mor.* But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

*Light.* Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.

*Y. Mor.* Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

*Light.* You shall not need to give instructions,

'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man:

I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers,

To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat,

To pierce the wind pipe with a needle's point,

Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill,

And blow a little powder in his ears,

Or open his mouth, and pour quick-silver down,

But yet I have a braver way than these.

30

*Y. Mor.* What's that?

*Light.* Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my tricks.

*Y. Mor.* I care not how it is, so it be not spied.

Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis,

At every ten-mile end thou hast a horse:

Take this, away, and never see me more!

*Light.* No?

*Y. Mor.* No, unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

*Light.* That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Y. Mor.* The prince I rule, the queen do I command,  
And with a lowly congé to the ground

The proudest lords salute me as I pass,

I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.

Fear'd am I more than lov'd, let me be fear'd,

And when I frown, make all the court look pale.

50

I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,  
 Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.  
 They thrust upon me the protectorship,  
 And sue to me for that that I desire,  
 While at the council-table, grave enough,  
 And not unlike a bashful puritan,  
 First I complain of imbecility,  
 Saying it is, *onus quam gravissimum*,  
 60 Till, being interrupted by my friends,  
*Suscepi* that *provinciam*, as they term it,  
 And, to conclude, I am Protector now.  
 Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer  
 Shall rule the realm, the king, and none rule us.  
 Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance,  
 And what I list command who dare control?  
*Major sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere:*  
 And that this be the coronation-day,  
 It pleaseth me and Isabel the queen. [*Trumpets within.*  
 70 The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter* KING EDWARD THE THIRD, QUEEN ISABELLA,  
 the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Champion,  
 and Nobles.

*Archb. of Cant.* Long live King Edward, by the grace  
 of God

King of England and Lord of Ireland.

*Cham.* If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,  
 Dares but affirm that Edward's not true king,  
 And will avouch his saying with the sword,  
 I am the Champion that will combat him.

*Y. Mor.* None comes, sound, trumpets! [*Trumpets.*

*K. Edw. Third.* Champion, here's to thee.

[*Gives purse.*

*Q. Isab.* Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Soldiers with KENT prisoner.*

80 *Y. Mor.* What traitor have we there with blades and  
 bills?

*First Sold.* Edmund the Earl of Kent.

*K. Edw. Third.* What hath he done?

*First Sold.* 'A would have taken the king away perforce,  
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

*Y. Mor.* Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund, speak?

*Kent.* Mortimer, I did, he is our king,  
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

*Y. Mor.* Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

*Kent.* Strike off my head? base traitor, I defy thee.

*K. Edw. Third.* My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live. 90

*Y. Mor.* My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

*Kent.* Stay villains.

*K. Edw. Third.* Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,  
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

*Q. Isab.* Son, be content, I dare not speak a word.

*K. Edw. Third.* Nor I, and yet methinks I should com-  
mand,

But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him:

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,

I will requite it when I come to age.

*Y. Mor.* 'Tis for your highness' good and for the  
realm's. 100

How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

*Kent.* Art thou king, must I die at thy command?

*Y. Mor.* At our command. Once more, away with him.

*Kent.* Let me but stay and speak, I will not go:

Either my brother or his son is king,

And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood,

And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

[Soldiers hale KENT away, and carry him to be  
beheaded.]

*K. Edw. Third.* What safety may I look for at his hands,  
If that my uncle shall be murder'd thus?

*Q. Isab.* Fear not sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy  
foes: 110

Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.

Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.

*K. Edw. Third.* And shall my uncle Edmund ride with  
us?

*Q. Isab.* He is a traitor, think not on him, come. [Exeunt.]

## Scene V. Berkeley Castle

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.*

*Mat.* Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,  
 Being in a vault up to the knees in water,  
 To which the channels of the castle run,  
 From whence a damp continually ariseth,  
 That were enough to poison any man,  
 Much more a king brought up so tenderly.

*Gur.* And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight  
 I open'd but the door to throw him meat,  
 And I was almost stifled with the savour.

10 *Mat.* He hath a body able to endure  
 More than we can inflict, and therefore now  
 Let us assail his mind another while.

*Gur.* Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

*Mat.* But stay, who's this?

*Enter LIGHTBORN.*

*Light.* My Lord Protector greets you.

*Gur.* What's here? I know not how to construe it.

*Mat.* Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;  
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere,*  
 That's his meaning.

20 *Light.* Know you this token? I must have the king.

*Mat.* Ay, stay a while, thou shalt have answer straight.  
 This villain's sent to make away the king.

*Gur.* I thought as much.

*Mat.* And, when the murder's done,  
 See how he must be handled for his labour,  
*Pereat iste:* Let him have the king;  
 What else? Here is the keys, this is the lake,  
 Do as you are commanded by my lord.

*Light.* I know what I must do, get you away:  
 30 Yet be not far off, I shall need your help:

See that in the next room I have a fire,  
 And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.

*Mat.* Very well.

*Gur.* Need you anything besides?

*Light.* What else? a table and a feather-bed.

*Gur.* That's all?

*Light.* Ay, ay, so, when I call you, bring it in.

*Mat.* Fear not thou that.

*Gur.* Here's a light to go into the dungeon.

[Exit with MATREVIS.

*Light.* So, now must I about this gear: ne'er was there  
any

40

So finely handled as this king shall be.

*Foh,* here's a place indeed with all my heart.

*K. Edw.* Who's there, what light is that, wherefore  
com'st thou?

*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

*K. Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks,  
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

*Light.* To murder you my most gracious lord?  
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me, to see how you were us'd,  
For she relents at this your misery.

50

And what eye can refrain from shedding tears,  
To see a king in this most piteous state?

*K. Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,  
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,  
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,  
Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink  
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

*Light.* O villains!

*K. Edw.* And there in mire and puddle have I stood 60  
This ten days' space, and lest that I should sleep,  
One plays continually upon a drum;

They give me bread and water, being a king,  
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,  
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,  
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.

O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,  
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes:

Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,

70 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,  
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

*Light.* O speak no more, my lord, this breaks my heart.  
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

*K. Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour naught but death.

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.  
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,  
And let me see the stroke before it comes,  
That even then when I shall lose my life,  
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

80 *Light.* What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

*K. Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

*Light.* These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

*K. Edw.* Forgive my thought, for having such a thought,  
One jewel have I left, receive thou this. [*Giving jewel.*

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee:

O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul,

90 Know that I am a king. O, at that name

I feel a hell of grief: where is my crown?

Gone, gone, and do I remain alive?

*Light.* You're overwatch'd, my lord, lie down and rest.

*K. Edw.* But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep,

For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.

Now as I speak, they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

*Light.* If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

*K. Edw.* No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,

100 Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

*Light.* He sleeps.

*K. Edw.* O, let me not die yet, stay, O stay a while.

*Light.* How now, my lord.

*K. Edw.* Something still buzzeth in mine ears,  
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake:

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,  
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

*Light.* To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!

*Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY.*

*K. Edw.* I am too weak and feeble to resist,  
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

110

*Light.* Run for the table.

*K. Edw.* O, spare me, or despatch me in a trice!

*Light.* So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,  
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[KING EDWARD is murdered.]

*Mat.* I fear me that this cry will raise the town,  
And therefore let us take horse and away.

*Light.* Tell me sirs, was it not bravely done?

*Gur.* Excellent well, take this for thy reward.

[Then GURNEY stabs LIGHTBORN.]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,  
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:

120

Away!

[Exeunt with the bodies.]

## Scene VI. London, the Palace

*Enter the Younger MORTIMER and MATREVIS.*

*Y. Mor.* Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

*Mat.* Ay, my good lord, I would it were undone.

*Y. Mor.* Matrevis, if thou now grow'st penitent,  
I'll be thy ghostly father, therefore choose,  
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,  
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

*Mat.* Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will I fear,  
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

*Y. Mor.* Fly to the savages.

*Mat.* I humbly thank your honour.

[Exit. 10]

*Y. Mor.* As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,  
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me,  
All tremble at my name, and I fear none,  
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

*Enter* QUEEN ISABELLA.

*Q. Isab.* Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,  
His father's dead, and we have murder'd him.

*Y. Mor.* What if he have? the king is yet a child.

*Q. Isab.* Ay, Ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his  
hands,

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.

20 *Into the council-chamber he is gone,*

To crave the aid and succour of his peers.

Ay me, see where he comes, and they with him,

Now Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

*Enter* KING EDWARD THE THIRD, Lords, and  
Attendants.

*First Lord.* Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

*K. Edw. Third.* Villain.

*Y. Mor.* How now, my lord?

*K. Edw. Third.* Think not that I am frightened with thy  
words.

My father's murder'd through thy treachery,  
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse

30 Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,

To witness to the world that by thy means

His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

*Q. Isab.* Weep not, sweet son.

*K. Edw. Third.* Forbid not me to weep, he was my  
father,

And had you lov'd him half so well as I,

You could not bear his death thus patiently,

But you I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

*First Lord.* Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

*Y. Mor.* Because I think scorn to be accus'd.

40 Who is the man dares say I murder'd him?

*K. Edw. Third.* Traitor, in me my loving father speaks,  
And plainly saith. 'twas thou that murder'dst him.

*Y. Mor.* But hath your grace no other proof than this?

*K. Edw. Third.* Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

[*Showing letter.*]

Y. Mor. False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself.

[*Aside to QUEEN ISABELLA.*

Q. Isab. I fear'd as much, murder cannot be hid.

Y. Mor. It is my hand; what gather you by this?

K. Edw. Third. That thither thou didst send a murderer.

Y. Mor. What murderer? bring forth the man I sent.

K. Edw. Third. Ah, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain,

50

And so shalt thou be too: why stays he here?

Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,

Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up,

And bring his head back presently to me.

Q. Isab. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

Y. Mor. Madam, entreat not, I will rather die  
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

K. Edw. Third. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.

Y. Mor. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel

There is a point, to which when men aspire,

60

They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,

And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,

Why should I grieve at my declining fall?

Farewell, fair queen, weep not for Mortimer,

That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,

Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

K. Edw. Third. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

[*Exit the Younger MORTIMER with First Lord  
and some of the Attendants.*

Q. Isab. As thou receivest thy life from me,  
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

K. Edw. Third. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,

70

Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

Q. Isab. I spill his blood? no.

K. Edw. Third. Ay, madam, you, for so the rumour runs.

Q. Isab. That rumour is untrue, for loving thee,  
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel.

K. Edw. Third. I do not think her so unnatural.

Sec. Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

*K. Edw. Third.* Mother, you are suspected for his death,  
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,  
80 Till further trial may be made thereof.

If you be guilty, though I be your son,  
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

*Q. Isab.* Nay, to my death, for too long have I liv'd,  
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

*K. Edw. Third.* Away with her, her words enforce these  
tears,

And I shall pity her if she speak again.

*Q. Isab.* Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord,  
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

*Sec. Lord.* Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall  
hence.

90 *Q. Isab.* He hath forgotten me, stay; I am his mother.

*Sec. Lord.* That boots not, therefore, gentle madam, go.

*Q. Isab.* Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this  
grief.

*[Exit with Second Lord and some of the Attendants.]*

*Re-enter First Lord, with the head of the Younger  
MORTIMER.*

*First Lord.* My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

*K. Edw. Third.* Go fetch my father's hearse, where it  
shall lie,

And bring my funeral robes. *[Exeunt Attendants.]*

Accursed head,

Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,

Thou hadst not hatch'd this monstrous treachery.

Here comes the hearse: help me to mourn, my lords.

*Re-enter Attendants, with the hearse and funeral robes.*

Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost

100 I offer up the wicked traitor's head;

And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,

Be witness of my grief and innocency.

F I N I S

The best data are ~~given~~  
vaguely hinted at ~~in the~~  
~~document~~. ~~Marlowe~~  
Gaveston before

## NOTES

### HISTORICAL FRAMEWORK ✓

- 1307. Edward II ascends the throne; Piers of Gaveston created Earl of Cornwall.
- 1308. Marriage of Edward to Isabella of France. Gaveston regent during the King's absence. 25 Feb. Coronation, 18 May. Gaveston exiled.
- 1309. Return of Gaveston. 16 March. Lords Ordainers appointed.
- 1311. The Ordinances. Gaveston's second exile and return.
- 1312. The Earls at war. Gaveston surrenders at Scarborough. 19 June. Murder of Gaveston.
- 1313. Edward and Lancaster reconciled.
- 1314. Siege of Stirling, and Battle of Bannockburn.
- 1315. Revolts in various parts of the country.
- 1316. Disturbances at Bristol.
- 1317. Roger Mortimer in Ireland.  
Rise of the Despensers.
- 1317-20. War between Gloucester factions in South Wales.
- 1321. Exile of Despensers.
- 1322. Edward's temporary success against Earls. Recall of Despensers. 16 March. Battle of Boroughbridge. 22 March. Execution of Lancaster. 2 May. Repeal of Ordinances, and triumph of the Despensers.
- 1324. Breach between Despensers and the Queen.
- 1325. French troubles; Isabella's mission.
- 1326. Landing of Isabella and Mortimer. 26 Oct. Execution of Elder Mortimer. 16 Nov. Capture of Edward and Younger Despenser.
- 1327. 7 Jan. Parliament recognises Edward III. 20 Jan. Edward II resigns the crown.
- 1327-30. Rule of Isabella and Mortimer. ✓
- 1328. 22 Sept. Murder of Edward II.
- 1330. 19 Oct. Arrest of Mortimer. 29 Nov. Execution of Mortimer.



- 25 **exceptions.** Objections (to status).  
 27 **bewrays.** Reveals.  
 48 **baleful.** Full of misery.  
 75 **New Temple.** The first foundation of the Military Order of the Knights Templars in London was outside Holbourn Bars. In the reign of Henry II a new Commandery was built of which the present Temple Church is a relic, much restored. This was the Chapel of the Order and the Inner Temple Hall was the hall. The church is circular in form in imitation of the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem. The Temple was used as a place of security, and sometimes for meetings of Parliaments and Councils.  
 78 **Lambeth.** For seven centuries Lambeth Palace has been the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

## ACT I. SCENE IV

- 13 *Quam male conveniunt.* How ill they match.  
 16 **Phaeton.** A son of Helios, the sun-god. He attempted to drive his father's chariot, but the horses got out of hand, and endangered the Earth by approaching too near, whereupon Zeus struck down Phaeton with a thunderbolt. So *Richard II*, III, iii, 178-179.  
     "Down, down I come; like glistering Phaeton,  
     Wanting the manage of unruly jades."  
 19 **over-peer.** To look down upon; there is a play upon the second meaning of "peer," a noble.  
 50 **Inde.** Vasco da Gama made the first sea-voyage from Europe to India in 1498, so that historically Edward II could hardly have referred to it.  
 63 **boots.** Avails. Compare *Richard II*, III, iv, 18:  
     "And what I want it boots not to complain."  
 82 **lown.** (In Shakespeare, "loon.") A man of low birth, also a stupid fellow.  
 95-106. This curious Protestant outburst is out of place historically. In his own day Marlowe was accused of being an atheist, and the charges brought against him by Richard Baines in 1593 were serious enough, but to modern minds they indicate the outlook of a rationalist. "The supernatural is laughed out of court.... Prophets and apostles are jugglers maintaining by their arts an 'everlasting superstition' in the hearts of the people." (Boas, *Marlowe and his Circle*, p. 77.) The passage in the Play bears this out.

- 173 Circe.** The enchantress, whose arts failed against Ulysses.
- 175 Hymen.** The god of marriage.
- 179 Juno.** The queen of heaven.
- 181 Jove on Ganymede.** Ganymede was the most beautiful of mortals, who was carried off by Jove to be his cupbearer. He was Jove's "minion."
- 192 'long of.** Along of, owing to.
- 197 quittance.** Requit.
- 201 wanton.** Capricious, frivolous.
- 202 enjoin'd.** Bound as by oath.
- 225 torpedo.** A fish with power to numb or kill its prey by an electric discharge.
- 257 sophister.** A cunning or cavilling reasoner.
- 271 in the Chronicle.** In history.
- 290 buckler.** To shield.
- 315 Cyclops.** In late tradition the Cyclopes were regarded as the assistants of Hephaestus (Vulcan) the fire god. Their business was to make the armour of the gods.
- 318 Fury.** The Furies dwelt in the depths of Tartarus, and punished men in this world and the next.
- 393-399.** These lines contain references to the stock examples from Classical history and legend of firm friendship; there is however nothing to justify the coupling of the names of Tully (Cicero) and Octavius.
- 410 Midas-like.** Midas was King of Phrygia, renowned for his riches. He was granted the ability of turning all things to gold; so Gaveston is all gold in his extravagance.
- jets it.** Walks pompously, swaggers. So in *Twelfth Night*, II, v, 36: "How he jets under his advanced plumes."
- 411 cullion.** A base fellow.
- 413 Proteus.** At noon, Proteus, the old man of the sea, came up to sleep under the shade of the rocks; if he could then be caught he would prophesy the future, but he avoided capture by changing his form.
- 414 dapper Jack.** A fashionable fellow.
- 415 Italian hooded cloak...416 Tuscan cap.** This passage, as Act I, i, 55, is a gibe at the increasing adoption of Italian fashions in the dress of Marlowe's time.

- 416 Larded.** Garnished. So in *Hamlet*, IV, v, 37:  
 "Larded with sweet flowers."

## ACT II. SCENE I

- 48 curate.** A parish priest.  
**52 propterea quod.** Because.  
**53 quandoquidem.** Whereas.  
**54 to form a verb.** To use words aptly.  
**72 pale.** Boundary.

## ACT II. SCENE II

- 11 device.** An emblematical figure borne as a heraldic charge.  
**16 A lofty cedar.** Compare 3 *Henry VI*, v, ii, 11:  
 "Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle."  
**18 canker.** A "worm" that destroys plants.  
**20 Æque tandem.** At length, on an equality.  
**28 Undique mors est.** On all sides is death.  
**40 jesses.** A term from falconry applied to the short leather straps fixed to the legs of a hawk. By means of the jesses the bird was held in leash.  
**46 harpy.** The harpies were sent by the gods to torment Phineus by snatching away any meal that was placed before him. They were loathsome monsters. Compare the stage directions in *The Tempest*, III, iii. "Enter Ariel like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes."  
**53 Danaë.** Daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos. She was imprisoned in a brazen tower to prevent the fulfilment of the oracle which said that her son would kill his grandfather. Compare Act III, iii, 84.  
**59 preventeth.** Anticipates.  
**62 painted.** Coloured with flowers.  
**72 to jar.** To be out of tune.  
**74 leaden.** Spiritless.  
**88 abide.** Pay the penalty for. A more usual form is "aby," so in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, 175:  
 "Disparage not the faith thou dost not know:  
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear."

- 106 abject villain.** Contemptible.
- 123 gather head.** Collect an army. So in 1 *Henry IV*, 1, iii, 284:  
 "And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
 To save our heads by raising of a head."
- 148 the broad seal.** Grant letters patent to collect alms for some special object.
- 164 Irish kerns.** Light-armed Irish foot soldiers. So *Richard II*, 11, i, 155:  
 "Now for our Irish wars;  
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns."
- 177 libels.** Defamatory pamphlets or hand-bills.
- 187 labels.** Strips of parchment by which seals are attached to a document.
- 188 fleering.** Grinning contemptuously.
- 191 Bannocksbourn.** The Battle of Bannockburn was fought on June 24, 1314. Robert Bruce with 30,000 men gained a victory over Edward II with his 100,000 men.
- 193 weeneth.** Imagines.
- 196 Wigmore.** Wigmore Castle, near Mortimer's Cross, Herefordshire.
- shall fly.** Shall be sold.
- 201 baited.** To bait an animal was to set dogs to worry it; hence the term came to mean, to harass.
- 205 slake.** To abate, assuage.
- 223 jars.** Discords.
- 242 arms.** Armorial bearings; lineage.
- 243 my gentry.** My claims as a gentleman.
- 264 list.** Desire.
- 266 complices.** Confederates.

## ACT II. SCENE III

- 3 behoof.** Benefit, advantage.
- 5 policy.** Stratagem. Compare 11, v, 103.
- 8 cast.** Assume, reckon.
- 24 the name of Mortimer.** The derivation from the Dead Sea, *Mortuum Mare*, is fictitious.

## ACT II. SCENE IV

- 3 spoil and kill.** A hunting term applied to the capture of the quarry and its division amongst the dogs.
- 41 forslow.** To delay. Compare 3 *Henry VI*, II, iii, 56:  
"Forslow no longer, make we hence amain."
- 47 hoy.** Small coasting vessel.
- 48 amain.** With greatest speed.

## ACT II. SCENE V

- 5 malgrado.** In spite of; maugre.
- 16 the Greekish strumpet.** Helen, wife of Menelaus. She was carried off by Paris to Troy; hence arose the Trojan War. Compare the famous lines in Marlowe's *Dr Faustus*, Scene XIII, 91-110, beginning,  
"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"
- train'd.** Enticed, lured.
- 31 heading...and hanging.** To be hung was a disgrace, but "heading," although as Gaveston remarks the result is the same, was at any rate a tribute to social status.
- 65 remits.** Gives up, surrenders.
- 66 exigents.** Emergencies.
- 110 balk.** Fail to use.
- 112 adamant.** The loadstone or magnet. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, i, 195:  
"You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant."

## ACT III. SCENE I

- 20 certify.** Assure.

## ACT III. SCENE II

- 12 Longshanks.** A nickname given to Edward I by the Scots; the King was over six feet tall.
- 14 beard.** To defy.
- 20 preach on poles.** Traitors' heads were displayed on one of the towers of old London Bridge. In Visscher's View of London (1616) a number of these heads "preaching on poles" can be seen.
- 27 steel it.** Use our steel (sword). **poll.** Cut the top off. Compare "to pollard" a tree.

- 37 Brown bills.** Weapons on long staffs. The head was like a modern bill hook with additional spikes at the top and back. During peace the staff could be cut down and the weapon used for hedging. Compare *Isaiah* ii, 4, "and they shall beat...their spears into pruninghooks." **brown.** Rusty. **targeteers.** Soldiers with targes, or light shields.
- 54** Robert Bruce offered to sell his lands on the Marches of Wales to the Mortimers.
- 55 in hand.** Negotiating.
- 56 crowns.** Money.
- 65 slack.** Remiss in paying.
- 79 Atlas.** Name given to the range of mountains in North Africa. For having warred with the other Titans against the Gods, Atlas was condemned to hold up the heavens on his head and hands.
- 81 towardness.** Opposite of "frowardness." Docile.
- 104 recreants.** Originally a knight who had yielded in combat; used for traitors, and cowards.
- 130 starting-hole.** Place of refuge for a hunted animal.
- 155 I wis.** Assuredly. Really one word, "iwis," but frequently written as two, and hence confused with "I know."
- 157 ranker.** Swollen. **rout.** A disreputable crowd.
- 161 plainer.** Complainer.
- 162-163.** These lines carry on the idea of "rank." Those who were swollen, or fat, were bled. So *Julius Caesar*, III, i, 152: "Who else must be let blood, who else is rank."
- 167 empale.** To encircle with a crown. So *3 Henry VI*, III, ii, 171: "Be round impaled with a glorious crown."

### ACT III. SCENE III

- 9 retire.** Retreat.
- 22 trow ye.** Do you know?
- 40 braves.** Defiant threats.
- 83 Jove.** When Danaë was imprisoned in the brazen tower, Jove visited her in a shower of gold—a type of bribery. (See note on II, ii, 53.)
- 93 clap so close.** Secretly strike hands in token of a bargain. So *Henry V*, v, ii, 134: "and so clap hands and a bargain."

## ACT IV. SCENE I

- 11 Stand...to his device.** To support a plan or scheme.  
So *Coriolanus*, v, iii, 199: "Stand to me in this cause."

## ACT IV. SCENE II

- 10** Compare II, ii, 72 and 223.  
**26 staff.** Shaft of a lance.  
**32 Tanais.** River Don in Russia.  
**59 appointed.** Equipped.  
**69 bid...a base.** A game, like the modern "Prisoners' base," in which the player was safe as long as he remained in his base; once out of it he could be chased in the hope of capture before getting back to his base. "To bid a base" means to challenge anyone to come out and defy capture.

## ACT IV. SCENE III

- 41 round.** A circular dance.  
**44 bright Phœbus.** A name of Apollo, the sun-god, the bright and pure. So *Romeo and Juliet*, III, ii, 1-4:  
"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately."  
**51 Bristow.** Bristol. During the reign of Edward II the burghers of Bristol rose against the King, stood a siege, and were not reduced for four years.

## ACT IV. SCENE IV

- 3 Belgia.** ~~Ancient Hainault~~ now forms part of Belgium.  
**5 glaive.** A broadsword.  
**9 wrack.** Destruction.  
**20 forwardness.** Zeal.  
**23 wreak.** To revenge.  
**27 havocks.** "Havoc" was the order to an army to pillage.

## ACT IV. SCENE V

- 26 single for suspect.** To be alone will seem suspicious.  
**61 Catiline.** Catiline organised a conspiracy against the Roman Republic during the consulship of Cicero (B.C. 63). The prompt action of the consul frustrated the scheme. Ben Jonson based one of his Plays on the story of Catiline.

- 71 started.** Like the quarry from its refuge. Compare III, ii, 130.
- 74 resteth.** Remains.
- 75 rue.** Have pity for.
- 81 privilege.** Save yourself from execution.
- 86 countenance.** Authority.
- 87 runagates.** Deserters; renegades.

#### ACT IV. SCENE VI

- 13 Whilom.** Formerly.
- 14 empery.** Absolute dominion.
- 19 Plato and from Aristotle.** By the University Statutes of 1570 the lecturer in Philosophy had to expound the works of Aristotle and of Plato.
- 40 mickle.** Great.
- 52 reave.** (Pa. p. *reft.*) To take away.
- 53-54.** He whom the morning sees so proud, the evening sees overthrown.
- 58 Stand not on titles.** Do not insist on, be particular about.
- 71 earns.** Yearns.
- 89 Pluto.** God of the lower world.
- 90 Charon.** He rowed the shades of the dead across the rivers of the lower world.
- 97 weeds.** Dress, garment.
- 98 stay'st.** Waitest for.

#### ACT V. SCENE I

- ✓ **Killingworth.** Kenilworth Castle was captured by Henry III after the death of Simon de Montfort, and given to his brother Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It was Thomas' brother, Henry, Earl of Lancaster, who held the Castle in the reign of Edward II. During Elizabeth's reign, her favourite, Robert, Earl of Leicester, was granted Kenilworth, and it was there that Leicester entertained the Queen with those festivities that cost him, it is said, £1000 a day while they lasted. A scene therefore laid at Kenilworth would have a ✓ special interest for an Elizabethan audience.

- 10** One of many popular beliefs.
- 26 regiment.** Rule, government.
- 45 Tisiphon.** One of the three Fates, the others being Alecto and Megaera.
- 71** Compare 3 *Henry VI*, I, iv, 154:  
 "But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania."
- 77 pass not.** Care not.
- 84 present.** Instant, immediate.
- 95 let him choose.** Take his own course. So *Merchant of Venice*, I, ii, 50: "An you will not have me, choose."
- 133 devoir.** Duty.
- 148 betide.** To happen to me.
- 149 estate.** Condition.

## ACT V.—SCENE II

- 14 under-writ.** Subscribed to.
- 26 pensiveness.** Sadness.
- 40 drift.** Scheme, design.
- 65 curstly.** Viciously.
- 113 'sdain'st.** Disdainest.

## ACT V. SCENE III

- 6 nightly bird.** The owl.
- 63 common-weal.** Commonwealth, the body politic (not necessarily a republic).

## ACT V. SCENE IV

- 10** Compare Sheridan's famous apology, "Mr Speaker I said the honourable Member was a liar it is true and I am sorry for it." The punctuation makes all the difference to the meaning.
- 13 Unpointed.** Not punctuated.
- 30** In Italy and France the art of secret poisoning was highly developed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was particularly associated with the names of the Borgias, and of Catherine de' Medici.

**31 lawn.** A strip of cloth.

**47 congé.** The bow on leaving.

**52 Aristarchus.** A celebrated grammarian (B.C. 156) who became a byword for severe criticism.

**53 breeching.** A whipping.

**57 puritan.** A term applied to those who were strict in matters of conduct and ceremony. The word could not have been so used in Edward II's reign.

**59 onus quam gravissimum.** The greatest possible burden.

**61 Suscepi...provinciam.** I have undertaken that duty.

**67 Major, etc.** I am too great for Fortune to harm me.

**Champion.** The Champion of England, fully armed, challenged at the Coronation, any who should deny the King to be the lawful sovereign. This formality was last observed at the Coronation of George IV.

## ACT V. SCENE V

The actual facts of Edward's death are probably as follows: "The deposed king was transferred in April from his cousin's (Lancaster's) care to that of two knights, Thomas Gurney and John Maltravers. He was promptly removed from Kenilworth, and hurried by night from castle to castle until, after some sojourn at Corfe, he was at last immured at Berkeley. Every indignity was put upon him, and the systematic course of ill-treatment, to which he was subjected, was clearly intended to bring about his speedy death. But the robust constitution of the athlete rose superior to the persecution of his torturers, and to save further trouble, he was barbarously murdered in his bed on the night of September 21st." (T. F. Tout, *Political History of England*, Volume III.)

**17 for the nonce.** On purpose.

**26 Pereat iste.** Let this man perish.

**40 gear.** Business.

**93 overwatch'd.** Tired out by lack of sleep.

**112 trice.** Moment.

## ACT V. SCENE VI

4 ghostly. Spiritual.

11 Jove's huge tree. The oak. Compare *The Tempest*, v, i, 44-5:

"to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak."

52-53 The normal method of execution.

65-66 Compare *Hamlet*, III, i, 78:

"...death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns."

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